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**IN THIS ISSUE:** What General Conference Didn't Do . . . Let's Leave the Kids Alone! . . .  
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Ministry . . . Missionary in Her Home State . . . Foster Father to Hundreds



**MYFers Visit a Ghost Town** (See page 72)



IT IS STILL dark, before dawn. I have been up 15 minutes, have had a first cup of coffee and gone outdoors to look, and smell, and listen. Night is beginning to thin away, and the stars are dimming out. The sky has a pre-dawn glow, less light than promise of light approaching. That is the word for this hour: *promise*.

The katydid that was rasping when I got up is silent now; two crickets chirping in the grass are the only audible insects. The grass is heavy with dew. I feel its chill dampness through my canvas shoes and my pores tingle. A wisp of breeze whispers in the maple leaves, stirs around me, becomes a part of my breath. I am absorbing the morning. A robin calls, a tentative call as though asking who else is awake. There is an answer, from an oriole, not another robin. Half a dozen birds begin to sing, rather tentative, sleepy songs. A waft of spiced fragrance, nicotiana, comes from the flower garden. The trees are still dark shadows against the horizon.

"Why do you get up before sunrise?" The question is sometimes a challenge, sometimes an expression of wonder.

Why? The answers are personal, yet of a pattern. I get up early because I dislike haste, confusion, and the pressures that we say are the price of modern living. Like others who are dawn-risers by choice, not by the necessities of the job, I find that I can avoid much of the haste, simplify the worst of the confusion, and ease the worse of the pressures by starting the day early. As a result, life is somewhat richer in every way. With the pressures off, it is possible to do better work, and by avoiding haste, one finds time for family and friends. And with the confusions somewhat simplified, one can achieve daily contact with the reassuring simplicities and the enduring realities of this world, the place where man must live.

PERHAPS that is the most important thing of all—to have time to watch a maple put forth leaves in May, to watch those leaves turn gold and crimson in October; to watch the way an iris sends up a bud stalk and comes to bloom; to plant a seed and know that it will sprout and grow and become a stalk of corn or a bean vine, bedded in the earth, nurtured by sun and rain; to hear the hylas peeping in a spring bogland, a mating call that was ancient when the first man strode the earth; to examine a snowflake on a dark sleeve in January, and marvel at the symmetry and endless variety of such evanescent natural beauty.

I have been up half an hour. The stars are gone. The promise of light has now become a glow in the eastern sky, distant and faint, but a glow that strengthens and spreads, minute by minute. The birds are louder now, and there are no soloists—they have become a chorus. They are like the dawn itself, taking their time, unhurried. I have yet to see a day that began with a rush. Daylight does not burst upon us, full of urgency. It is almost catlike, yawning, stretching, opening its eyes slowly, looking about the world before it gets to its feet. Its very leisure urges that all the world's beginnings be unhurried.

A REMEMBERED time: father and son crossing vast, treeless High Plains in a horse-drawn wagon to reach the distant town before the blistering heat of the day. They have driven an hour in silence, the father deep in his worries. Hopes and dreams have begun to wither, even as the sod corn withers, in the drought. The homestead that was to be a haven has become a test of courage.

A long streamer of light creeps up from the eastern horizon, then another, and another, making a splendor of the opalescent cloud. And the father sighs down his night worries, turns to the boy and says, "It takes time even for the sun to rise. We forget that, thinking everything's got



## A Day

*Known to the early riser alone is  
wonder of C*

to be done in a hurry. I forget it, and I guess most people do. I hope you don't."

But I, too, forget. Last night I lay awake too long with a worry and an annoyance; and here in this uncluttered beginning of a new day, I remember them and know that the annoyance was trivial, to be forgotten, and the worry unjustified. Now I know that they were inconsequential, both of them, compared to the worries that dogged the father who sat in the jolting wagon in that distant High Plains dawn and said, "I forget." And summoned new courage with the new day.





# Begins...

...yet the newest,  
 ...tiful world—the dawning of a new day.

The first light touches the top of Tom's Mountain, the ridge that stands behind my house. I sense it and turn to the west, and there it is, a dazzle on the trees, a brilliance that makes the shadowed slope of the mountain look pine dark. Not yet sunup, here in the valley, but there on the ridge is the golden-green light of the day that is coming, even down here beside the river. The birds are silent, a strange silence, almost palpable, as though they were holding their breath.

Even the breeze has quieted. The summer leaves hang motionless in the expectant air. The day is organizing itself.

Not long ago I asked a suburban doctor what is the most important factor in organizing a daily routine. "The early morning," he said. "A unhurried hour or two to start the day. Start the day running and you never catch up. More nerves are frayed, and more duodena are ulcerated by breakfast on the run and a dash to the job than by any other factor in our lives."

Why? Because, as we say, time races. But does time really race? Or is it man who does the racing? The day we know is not noticeably shorter or in any way differently proportioned from the day that Julius Caesar knew, or the Pharaohs, or the earliest cave man. Man himself has crammed the day with haste and worry. He has devised not only the calendar and the clock, but now the micro-second, that ultimate of time's minute dimensions. But he has not altered the dimensions of the day itself.

AND, FOR all man's frantic activity, the fact of dawn is unaltered. The day still begins at its own pace, the confusion of yesterday a matter of history. Each new day offers a clean, rested chance to get on with life. The invitation is there, with every dawn, to sort out and cherish or discard the hurts, the triumphs, the achievements and defeats of yesterday. And to plan another day.

The sun is up. It has just lifted above the horizon, and the long, golden light shines through the big maples, making their leaves glisten like thinnest flakes of jade. It reaches across the meadow, jewelizing the grass, leaping the pools of shadow that still lie in the little hollows. Here in the grass at my feet is a spider web spun between two tall stems, a silver net diamonded with dewdrops. And the birds are singing, a veritable hallelujah. The sun came up in a vast silence, a great hush, as of expectation. Not even a whisper in the treetops. Then the birds all began to sing at once, and the breeze was like a held breath let out. The leaves twinkled, then began to whisper their own song. The earth celebrates a new day.

I once asked a wise old woman nearing 90 if she got up before daylight because she could not sleep.

"I get up," she said, "to be alone with myself. To see if I can live with myself for another day." Then she said, "In the dawn of the day, when you seem to be the only living person in the world, you have to face your own truth and somehow make your peace with it. Besides, dawn is the nearest thing to youth that most of us know after we pass the age of 20."

I THINK of her words now, and I know what she meant. Youth is innocence, and wonder, and belief. And no dawn that I have ever witnessed was disillusioned, or blasé, or skeptical. All things are possible, at dawn, as in youth. Dawn itself is a miracle, a recurring implausibility that never fails. It sweeps away night's darkness, and it returns the sun—the beneficent sun which makes life possible on this minor planet, this dust speck in the universe.

If dawn came only once a year we would all gather on the hilltops to see it and to celebrate. We would hold festivals and issue proclamations and utter prayers of thanksgiving. Instead, dawn comes every day of our lives and is accounted a commonplace fact of existence.

The sun has been up almost half an hour, but the world is still bathed in the wonder of dawn, of sunrise, of a new day. I stand here on an earth of new beginnings. I have participated in a dawn that was like no other dawn that ever was and yet it is a part of the whole history of beginnings upon this earth.

There is a whole new day ahead, a day that never was before. I saw it begin, I was a witness to its creation.

—HAL BORLAND



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# The Church in Action

## Antipoverty Target:

## Our Needy Migrants

**The News:** The nation's million or more migrant farm workers may hope for a better life if proposed additions to the national antipoverty program survive the congressional mill and are passed this year. The \$15 million package, essentially like the bills long sponsored by Sen. Harrison Williams (D.-N.J.), would attack the evils of the farm migrant system, focusing on education, health, housing, and child care.

**Background:** A depressing array of facts on the migrant and his work, paraded in recent years on television and in the press, has made the United States take a new look at its horn of plenty. To the most perceptive, the groaning Thanksgiving table has become almost a symbol of apathy and greed.

To the knowing, such as the 44-year-old National Council of Churches Migrant Ministry, the story is not one of "good guys" and "bad guys"—with the farmer-employer the personification of all that is bad and the luckless migrant his pawn. It is, rather, an attitude that a workable approach to the farm worker's plight will benefit all society.

The grower industry has its own particular set of problems. With overall increases in production and declining profits for many, wages are the only operating variable that can be reduced or eliminated. Some who would ease the lot of their workers by providing fair wages or even the least in housing and sanitary facilities find themselves in a cost-price squeeze.

Migrant workers are easily the "most excluded" group in U.S. society. With rare and particular exceptions, their place is not determined by ability or willingness to advance but by forces they cannot alter or fully understand.

The migrant is hardly even a statistic. The U.S. census does not count him. Residence laws in most cases keep him from calling any state his own. He is unemployed about half of the year, and his job generally must be found or offered by those who can exploit him if they wish. He may be moved to a community which hardly knows he is there; his employer may not know his name or have any record of it. His family may or may not be welcome in the local church or school; and in the midst of



*Many migrants continue to toil under almost unbearable conditions for wages or piece-work rates far below those paid to other classes of workers.*

affluence, he often does not have enough to eat.

A nation which takes great pride in having eliminated child labor, or so it thought, can hardly bear to admit that untold numbers among the estimated 150,000 to 600,000 migrant youngsters toil along with their parents, often during school hours.

Their work is a must for families who lack a minimum wage and legal protections taken for granted by the lowliest city worker. While 95¢ an hour is the minimum wage suggested by the U.S. Department of Labor, the adult migrant works for as little as 35¢ or does piece work with its attendant evils. He is nearly always excluded from workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance, laws on union activities, child-labor regulations, and in most cases from Social Security. He is lucky to make \$800 or \$1,000 a year, against the \$4,656 said to be adequate for a family of four.

Only a handful of states has anything like adequate laws protecting migrants with respect to child labor, residence, health and general welfare, transportation, transfer of school records, and the like.

**Family Farm 'Going Under':** The migrant's lot did not brighten with the postwar surge of big farm combines and mechanization. Last fall the National Advisory Committee on Farm Labor, which includes prominent clergymen, charged that the traditional family farm—which in 1910 sheltered one of every three persons in the U.S.—is in effect gradually going under. Huge corporate interests now account for nearly half of all farm sales and employ most hired farm workers. Less than 9 percent of U.S. farm operators own 40 percent of the land, the committee found.

It was once assumed that the farmer's right to run his land was as inviolate as freedom of speech. He fed and housed his hired man, who was more of an equal than a servant.

From this familiar concept of farmer-worker re-



relationships came the claim that today's grower has only as much responsibility to his workers as he chooses. The farm advisory committee claims that giant corporate farms hide behind and perpetuate the family-farm image and its traditional freedom from legislation, financing powerful lobbies to prevent minimum wage and other measures, and pressing for importation of foreign labor to keep a cheap and plentiful supply.

Another trend in the automated industrialized complex, which the advisory committee calls "agribusiness," is the one-company operation from farm to table—picking, processing, shipping, marketing, even advertising.

Many times this efficiency and sales volume forces the smaller operator to sell cheaper and to hire at lower rates in order to survive. The absence of a minimum wage, it is claimed, depresses even the work of the family farmer and his sons. He may be forced to enlarge, if he can afford to; to become a migrant, if his economic slide is downhill; or to join the drift to the city and its automation-displaced unemployed. The advisory committee states that some 2 million family farmers were forced out of agriculture in one decade.

Officially, the U.S. knows more about the numbers and migratory habits of birds than it does of its migrant-worker population.

**Church Involvement:** Like the other denominations, The Methodist Church has no specific central agency to attack the migrant problem. The Division of National Missions works through the state councils of churches, and many a community project has been sparked by the annual conference boards.

A measure of Methodist concern is the large number of ministers and laymen staffing the state council units organized in the Migrant Ministry, and of local churches who seek out the migrant and help him, through untold hours of volunteer labor and services. [See *Work Among the Migrants*, June, page 54.]

In 1920, the pioneering was in the East with four experimental projects including child care centers, by the former eight-denomination Council of Women for Home Missions along with the predecessor agency of the NCC Division of Home Missions. The United Church Women and the units of the state church councils today form the partnership known as the Migrant Ministry in conducting social and religious programs for all ages in 36 states, with 593 employed and 9,513 volunteer workers.

"Come again, will you? You sure bring God with you when you come," was one worker's response to their

policy of direct involvement with worker camps.

On another level, the NCC, its member churches, and state and local migrant committees have continually pressed for the measures summed up in Senator Williams' bills. In the field and in legislative halls, they often have met apathy and resistance of grower associations, called by former Labor Secretary James P. Mitchell "the most powerful lobby I have ever seen."

Friendly and continuing relationships with grower-employers is one of the goals of the Migrant Ministry, according to the Rev. Robert Kolze, an NCC field representative, in a ministry of equal loving concern to them as well as to the migrant.

The Migrant Ministry is giving new attention to the "settling down" migrants, helping them in some cases to remain in the community. Three states have put facilities and funds of the U.S. manpower training program to use. That and the Migrant Health Act of 1962 were among the very few and first government helps available.

**A Bleak Future:** With automation making further inroads on employment, migrants are traveling farther for fewer jobs of shorter duration. This only intensifies many of their problems. Even so, the number of migrant workers remains fairly constant; while some settle down, others—many of them former sharecroppers or family farmers—add to the migrant stream.

The migrant is willing to work, would rather not have to chase jobs, and desperately wants education and better opportunities for his children. Out of ignorance he may make Social Security payments which never reach the government, or he may show indifference to its benefits—feeling he will not live long enough to collect them.

In most cases, he is the employee not of the grower but of a migrant crew leader, who may not keep accurate records or deal honestly with those in his charge. In some cases, the only food available to migrants is trucked from the nearest town and sold to them at inflated prices, taken from their wages along with ridiculous rents for tents, old shacks, or sometimes just the scrap of land they occupy.

**The Plight of Children:** Cassandra Stockburger, executive secretary of the National Committee on the Education of Migrant Children, told *TOGETHER* of slight progress in getting state education boards even to recognize responsibility for migrant children. Only one requires attendance of those entering the state, and only three or four have

any record of migrants enrolled in regular schools.

The migrant child is nearly always retarded gradewise, Miss Stockburger observed, and probably would rather stay in the fields than make difficult adjustments to school life. Rare is the teacher who not only will accept him but who knows how to deal with his hostilities, his frequent language problem, who realizes that usual teaching materials may be unsuitable. The teacher may choose to disregard him completely, and he may become an early and permanent dropout.

In Texas alone, Miss Stockburger said, there are 85,000 children of school age affected by migrancy.

Getting migrant children into school for a few days or weeks will not do the job, she feels. Rather, they must be reached by special nationwide programs involving all community resources, especially for the preschooler and the non-English speaking.

Miss Stockburger, an alumna of Methodist-related Scarritt College and eight years in the National Council's Migrant Ministry, would like to see special training for teachers, special classes and tutoring, and meetings with parents of those whom the U.S. Office of Education has called the nation's most deprived children.

**The Significance:** In the next few years, farm migrants may be less easy to identify as a group, dispersing to join more stable production lines of farm or city. One expert warned against "20-story Indian reservations" and similar trends toward mass displacement of those who help create food and fiber abundance.

To let the migrant drop from sight in the machinery of multipurpose

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"agribusiness" without laws to protect him is to invite a new set of injustices, and, a generation hence, new revelations of his plight. At a time when the U.S. urges more nations toward land reform and division of huge estates, it may be doing itself a disservice if and when it permits corporate agriculture to burgeon at home.

## Methodist Conference Warns Rhodesians on Secession

The government of Southern Rhodesia has been warned by the Methodist Rhodesia Annual Conference there that its secession from the British Commonwealth would be an act of rebellion.

The white-dominated Rhodesian Front, majority party in the legislature, had vowed to gain freedom "in one way or another." It represents some 155,000 Europeans against an African population majority of 3 million. The recent banishment of Joshua Nkomo and three other African leaders set off a series of demonstrations including arson, assaults, stonings, school boycotts, and attempted train derailments. The four were sent without trial to a security camp in a remote area.

The Methodist conference, which is affiliated with The Methodist Church, has more than 16,000 members and is Southern Rhodesia's seventh largest denomination. Methodist work began in Southern Rhodesia in 1898.

The government's intemperate rule of the black majority has incurred the enmity of new nations in Africa, especially Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland which until last year were part of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland along with Southern Rhodesia.

Winston Field, an ardent segregationist, led the Rhodesian Front in 1962 in gaining the legislative majority, which infuriated Africans even more. Southern Rhodesia has had self-government since 1923, but Britain retained the right to amend the constitution and disallow certain laws which discriminate against Africans.

Ian Smith, a white farmer who now heads the Rhodesian Front, has vowed independence from Britain and a tighter hold on the African population, which like that in the Union of South Africa does not enjoy basic equality and civil rights.

The Methodist conference, in cautioning against secession, said it may have to advise its members that they are "under no moral obligation to carry out demands of an illegal government."

Holding their annual meeting at a Methodist mission near Salisbury, the 100 delegates called for a constitutional conference in accord with the



*A four-year effort by the missions commission at the Methodist church in North Royalton, Ohio, resulted in \$3,000 for a new chapel in Villa Urquiza, Argentina. Mrs. Richard Massey, chairman, gives check to Pastor Ralph Dessem of North Royalton. The Argentine congregation, now meeting in homes, has a large children's class and Woman's Society.*

Christian doctrine of dignity and equality for all men, and a government responsible to the will of the people.

It expressed concern for the vicious circle of the Africans' frustration in the form of boycotts, strikes, and violence, followed by mass arrests, restrictions, and bannings which in turn increase frustration.

The conference statement charged that persons are arrested by decree of one official and without trial, which denies a "basic principle of justice and arouses fears of rule by men rather than by law." It asked the government either to charge such persons or to free them.

The conference is asking Christians everywhere to contribute to a fund to help relieve the physical sufferings of persons so detained, donations to be sent to the Methodist Conference headquarters in Salisbury.

The British Methodist superintendent, the Rev. Jessie Lawrence, recently joined five top-ranking clergymen, including Roman Catholics, in condemning the seizure of Nkomo and the threat to gain freedom from Britain.

## Will Study Latin-Americans

The nearly 6 million Latin Americans in the United States, and residents of Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic, will be focus of a Methodist churchwide mission study in 1964-65.

*Spanish Doorways*, written by six Methodist leaders involved in work with Spanish-speaking people, has been released by World Outlook Press for the study. It tells of opportunities to develop fellowship and understanding with the group which, except for the Negro, is the nation's largest ethnic minority. There are nearly 2.5



million Spanish-speaking residents in California, Texas, and New York alone. Some 170,000 have come to the U.S. from Cuba.

The book's authors are Dr. Charles Parkin, former director of the Division of National Missions advance department; Dr. Clarence W. Lokey, director of special fields of the National Division; Dr. Jorge N. Clinton, theology professor at Evangelical Seminary in Puerto Rico; Dr. Ernest V. May, a director of the National Division's department of city work; Dr. Allan B. Rice, executive secretary for home missions; and Dr. Henry C. Sprinkle, editor of *World Outlook*.

### Ask Relief for Senecas

The national honor is at stake in forcing New York's Seneca Indians from their land to make way for the new Kinzua Dam, says a National Council of Churches official.

The Rev. E. Russell Carter, the NCC's director of Indian work, said the matter has been overshadowed by the civil rights debate in Congress, but is itself a civil rights issue.

He called on churchgoers to become concerned before October 1 (when the Indians must find new homes) and support restoration of about \$11 million to compensate the Indians. The Senate cut that amount from the bill passed by the House.

The NCC department was to take up the issue at the July 2-7 triennial National Conference of Indian Workers, which it sponsors. The NCC agency serves 26 Protestant boards with ministries to Indians, and includes a chaplaincy service to 11 schools and 2 hospitals, and a community center for nonreservation Indians in Rapid City, S.Dak.

### NCC Sparks Study of World To Answer U.S. Challenge

A statement by a U.S. State Department official that 9 out of 10 U.S. citizens are uninformed and unconcerned about international affairs has touched off a National Council of Churches campaign.

The council has underway a 12-month Program of Education and Action for Peace, to climax in a world-order study conference next year. It encourages debate and study of international affairs and more active Christian influence on developments.

It is not intended to propagandize particular opinions, but rather to encourage use of responsible materials with differing views, said Dr. Kenneth Maxwell, director of the NCC Department of International Affairs.

Dr. Harold A. Bosley, minister of Christ Church, Methodist in New York City, was chairman of one of the five national study commissions which

prepared materials for church groups in the program.

Dr. Leslie E. Cooke, director of interchurch aid for the World Council of Churches, charged recently that Christians have largely rejected or disowned the revolution they have created in other lands, and are letting others reap the harvest of that revolution.

Speaking before the general assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., he said that many leaders in new nations who have been educated as Christians now feel they have been abandoned by the church.

The church has been so preoccupied in answering questions that men are no longer asking, he said, that it has lost contact with what is happening in the world. The crisis of renewal, he added, consists of nationalism, advance of Communism, and revival of ancient religions and secularism.

Christians today, Dr. Cooke said, must show concern with causes of problems as well as needs, and demonstrate that they can mobilize technical means to deal with them as well as work with secular movements, governmental and intergovernmental bodies.

### WCC to Meet With Catholics For Interfaith Dialogues

A meeting to discuss "complicated questions of protocol and mutual relations" with Roman Catholics is planned for July by the World Council of Churches.

The meeting was announced by Dr. Franklin Clark Fry, president of the Lutheran Church in America and head of the WCC executive and central committees, in a speech at Roman Catholic St. Ambrose College in Davenport, Iowa.

Contacts with Roman Catholics will be a delicate matter for some time to come, he said, though leaders on both sides appreciate the broadening atmosphere and cordial relationships which have developed. Dr. Fry believes that no more can be done at present than to initiate a mutual disarming and to work for more openness.

He noted that some recent developments would have seemed incredible five years ago, and no one can predict how far a reconciliation can go in years to come.

Protestant-Roman Catholic differences will be unrecognizable in 50 years if ecumenical progress continues at the rate of the last five years, says a Protestant delegate-observer of Vatican Council II.

Dr. Douglas Horton, former dean of Harvard's divinity school, told the New York Conference of the United



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Church of Christ that the council's actions are a turn in the tide toward Christian unity. It should be praised, he said, for its liturgical reforms and improved image of the church.

Protestant impressions, he said, are that the Roman Catholic Church is a kind of pyramid, its only contact with heaven being at the top. He described differences of opinion within that church as a "healthy kind of tension."

### ***Ibans a 'Sending' Church***

The first overseas missionary from Iban Methodists of Sarawak will serve in Malaya, according to the Methodist Board of Missions.

The Rev. Jerry Rabu Megong will still be in his own country when he goes to Malaya, as it as well as Sarawak is a part of the new nation of Malaysia. But, he is still "our first missionary" to the proud Ibans. Their conference has been helped by foreign missionaries from seven countries and now joins the growing list of Methodist-related churches starting foreign missionary programs.

The Iban Methodists will finance their missionary's service with help from Malayan and Singapore Methodists. He will do evangelistic, pastoral, and other work among the Senoi people, an aboriginal tribe.

Methodist churches already sending workers abroad are those in Japan, the Philippines, India, Argentina, and several in Europe, although most missionaries continue to come from the United States.

### ***Delivers 'Instant Sermon'***

What is probably the shortest sermon on record was delivered recently by the Methodist chaplain at Methodist-related Paine College in Georgia.

Dr. Roy C. DeLamotte chose as his subject: *What Does Christ Answer When We Ask, "Lord, What's in Religion for Me?"* The sermon, in one word, was: "Nothing."

Response of the bewildered congregation was generally enthusiastic: "Best sermon I ever heard!" and "That's just what Jesus would say."

The minister was questioned about the sermon: "Was this a joke?"

"Only to people brought up on the gimme-gimme Gospel of positive thinking," he answered.

"What inspired you to preach it?"

"I felt people needed to realize that God is not to be used but obeyed. Also, I've had complaints that my sermons were too long."

"How long did it take you to prepare this message?"

"Twenty years," was his reply.

Dr. DeLamotte, who has written articles for the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE* and other publications lampooning certain church practices and attitudes, is a graduate of Methodist-related Emory University and holds a Ph.D. in world religions. He served pulpits in Connecticut and Tennessee.

### ***Favors Barring School Prayer***

Perfunctory religious exercises in the nation's public schools have developed generations of biblical illiter-

ates, claims Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord of Washington, D.C.

In testifying against the controversial Becker amendment which would override the U.S. Supreme Court's decision barring officially prescribed school prayers, he said that meaningless practices carried on when he was an education administrator "made me shudder."

He said he was speaking as an individual, as many persons at the Methodist General Conference, including some bishops, opposed the statement he had prepared for the House Judiciary Committee.

He called the amendment a "bargain-basement offer" with few long-range benefits and a proposal inviting endless legal suits. Future generations will fare much better if religion is taught objectively, the bishop added, warning also against divisive reactions in the nation if the amendment were passed.

He reported receiving many abusive letters, some of them with "an almost pathological sentiment."

On another matter, the bishop testified before the House committee that he favors taxing of church property not specifically used for religious or charitable purposes.

While the church unquestionably prospers under such benefits, Bishop Lord told the legislators, he likes to think it would be supported without them because its members love it and what it stands for. Members would rally strongly if all props, direct and indirect, were knocked out, he feels.

Rep. James Corman (D.-Calif.), who is a Methodist, said:

"Bishop, a fellow at the Internal Revenue Service told me that if all the people in your churches give all they report they do each year, you don't have a thing to worry about for years to come."

### ***PTA Upholds Court Ruling***

The National Congress of Parents and Teachers annual meeting in Chicago called on parents to accept responsibility for religious education of their children at home and church.

In reaffirming its stand in upholding the U.S. Supreme Court decision against mandatory prayers, the PTA urged the fostering of spiritual training and moral growth by "careful precept and example."

It also asked parents and teachers to promote assurances that constitutional guarantees of dignity, freedom, and opportunity will prevail for all children. Some children suffer injustices because of race, color, or creed, it said, and, "We are compelled by conscience and conviction to right these wrongs."

## ***Methodists in the News***

Dr. J. Anthony White, physician of Easley, S.C. and head of the 1962 TOGETHER Family of the Year, is one of eight alumni designated as Wofford Associates by Wofford College, Spartanburg, S.C., to render advisory or special services to the school.

Dr. Charles E. Garth, professor of sociology and director of Saturday school at Methodist-related Bennett College, Greensboro, N.C., is one of five professors in a new faculty exchange program between women's colleges in the U.S. and India. He goes to Maharani's College, Bangalore.

Miss Phyllis Ann Bird, a Methodist of San Jose, Calif., has received the highest award given by Union Theological Seminary, New York, to a member of its graduation class. She is recipient of the 1964-65 Traveling Fellowship.

The Rev. David H. Blackburn, superintendent of the Alaska Mission,

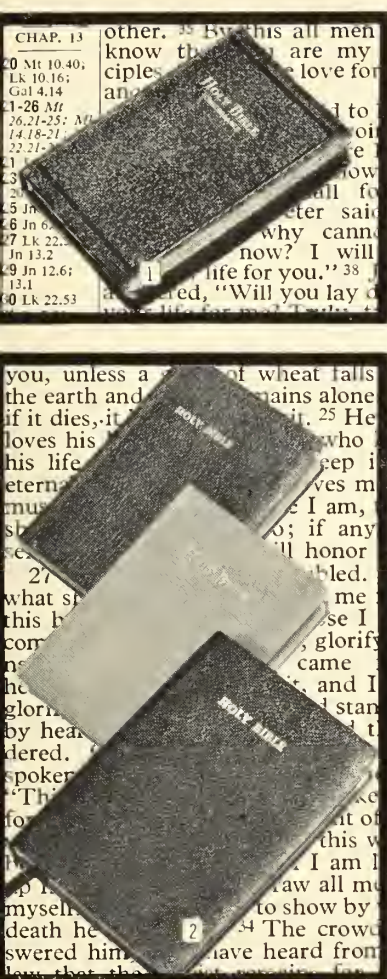
has been named a director of the Advance Department of the Methodist Board of Missions.

Charles C. Washburn, 25, of Memphis, Tenn., will join the staff of the Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission after graduate work at Methodist-related Syracuse University.

Berkley Bedell, Layman of Spirit Lake, Iowa, received the Small Businessman of the Year Award from President Johnson in a White House ceremony. He is president of a firm which makes fishing tackle and marine and industrial cable.

Dr. Raymond E. Youmans, Methodist layman and associate professor of education at Fort Hays State College, Hays, Kans., has been asked by the Methodist Board of Missions to take over administrative duties at the College of West Africa, Monrovia, Liberia, while the school's president is on leave in the United States.





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Bishop Dibelius discusses his book, *Call to a Divided City*, with General Brown.

## METHODISTS NO MARTYRS, 'MAKE NO HISTORY'

A recent visit of the U.S. Army Chief of Chaplains to an elderly West Berlin bishop brought no headlines—yet it was history-making in its own way.

Major General Charles Brown, Kansas Methodist chaplain chosen a year ago to head the corps, paid a courtesy call on Bishop Otto Dibelius, world-famous for his unrelenting stand against Nazi and communist efforts to destroy the church. The two chatted for about one hour.

The Berlin Wall is not only a sore point between political forces; it is a man-made barrier to Christian unity. For, East Germany, motherland of the Reformation and a once-vital theological center for world-wide Lutheranism, is the ground for an immense ideological battle.

East Germany has a particular enmity for the chaplaincy, both U.S. and West German. It has long accused the 40-million-member EKID (German Evangelical Church) and its head, Bishop Dibelius, of alliances with the "militaristic" Bonn government and of helping aims to reunite Germany. The EKID, Germany's largest Protestant group, is a federation of Lutheran, Reformed, and United Churches. Since it is partly state-supported, even in East Germany, the government there has tightened its hold on every aspect of church life. A chaplaincy treaty between the EKID and the West German army is one of the pretexts to deny leaders contacts with fellow churchmen in East Germany. However, the two synods stubbornly cling to unity, which physically

amounts to little more than an occasional clergyman and a few laymen permitted to cross the Wall.

The synods passed a law that Bishop Dibelius' successor as head of the entire church must represent both East and West, but their choice, Dr. Kurt Scharf, is *persona non grata* with the Communists, so Bishop Dibelius technically remains in office while in semiretirement.

Bishop Dibelius said that his church emphatically rejected invitations to the Communist-sponsored Christian Peace Congress in Prague this month.

Last summer, the EKID in East Germany elected as top leaders bishops known for nonco-operation with the state, and in a closed-door session in Berlin issued a 10-point declaration approved by the bishops and sent to all pastors. A highly courageous act under the circumstances, it denounced communist acts and attempts to dominate the church. To retaliate, the government stopped visits from western sector clergymen, practically severing links between East and West.

Early in 1964, the pro-government East German League of Evangelical Pastors admitted failure to win much support from the 6,000 East German Protestant clergy. It has tried for years to get them to form a separate church and ease their firm stand on church-state matters. General Brown explained to *TOGETHER* that while there is no mounting crisis, there is steady pressure and no letup on the church by the Communists. The church continues to meet and resist the pressure, he said, in whatever ways are possible.

In a 1964 Holy Week visit to U.S. bases overseas, Evangelical United Brethren Bishop Reuben Mueller, president of the National Council of Churches, commended the U.S. chaplains for outstanding service and assured support of hometown churches. In meetings with Navy and Air Force officials, the bishop agreed with them that spiritual needs of Christians in the services would be far from being met even if the chaplaincy quotas were filled.

### Methodists Controlled

The Methodist Northeast Germany Annual Conference, which straddles parts of both East and West, escapes some aspects of the bitter power struggle for the life of the church, but it, too, has its problems.

Like the EKID, it has long had to contend with communist-originated pagan rituals of *Namensweihe* ("baptism") and *Jugendweihe* ("confirmation") and all kinds of youth and sports events conveniently scheduled on Sunday, competing with church services. Ministers are severely restricted in their statements, movements, and publications. Churches are denied building permits, older ones are torn down without consent of their members.

The EKID has had its great *Kirchentag*, or annual lay congress, repeatedly harassed, with East Germans prevented from joining the thousands of faithful who come. East Germany offered a site in Leipzig, but specified that the "NATO theologians" must be barred. The offer was refused.

Chief foe of communist intentions is the 84-year-old Bishop Dibelius, who for more than 25 years has repeatedly stood up to state authorities on church matters. He was put in prison by the Nazis, who also tried to defrock him. He was one of the six co-presidents of the World Council of Churches from 1954 to 1961.

His leadership of the Evangelical Church is one of the last links of co-operation, religious or secular, between East and West Germany, and even that is but a slender thread.

While on a U.S. tour in 1961, West Berlin Mayor Willy Brandt told *TOGETHER* that communist charges against the church are pure nonsense. He has constantly championed its rights and has met with its leaders.

General Brown learned in his visit with Bishop Dibelius of a deep cleavage in the thought of the EKID leadership in obedience to the state, some recommending co-operation. As the church is tax-supported, its freedom takes the form of written agreements which are nonexistent in East Germany; therefore there is a constant cold war with the authorities.

The bishop was sharp in question-

ing freedom of chaplains assigned to NATO armed forces and no longer under authority of their bishops. He was assured that they are still responsible to their bishops, although commanders decide on appointments, pay, transfers, and the like as long as they are serving. In West Germany, the bishop explained, the chaplain would be told that he must "preach this or that," to which General Brown replied that no U.S. bishop or commander would issue such an order.

The general told TOGETHER that the U.S. Army does not dignify with a reply East German charges that its chaplains, too, are allied with West German political intentions in a so-called "clerical militarism." Such attacks have lessened.

He said that West German chaplains, who are mainly older men, since 1956 have been invited to luncheons, retreats, and other events given by the U.S. and are attending for the first time this year. "Many, whom I never saw before, make it a point to lay claim to me."

General Brown said that on his recent visit he was not allowed to enter East Berlin, though members of his party including an officer-chaplain, could go in. "No major generals in Berlin," he observed dryly.

#### Feel Close to World

He confirmed an earlier report of a Methodist theological student who had visited both sectors of Germany, talking extensively with Methodist ministers and laymen, that German Methodists now feel much closer to worldwide Methodism than ever before. They are coming out of their nationalism because of friendships with U.S. personnel and more contacts with the world including word of "Methodist senators" in the U.S.

The student, William McDaniel of Methodist-related Duke University, said Berlin Methodists proudly identify themselves with the U.S. "Our big brother (The Methodist Church) gives us strength so that we are regarded as a church—not just a peculiar sect," he was told. "We see our task as living as Methodist Christians."

"We need you here," said one person. "The witness of West Berlin's Methodism cannot oppose Communism. . . . The Western position must be louder and stronger against the Russians."

One German told McDaniel that Methodist ministers cannot cross the Wall, but their followers see themselves as one despite enforced separation. McDaniel, after meetings with Bishop Friedrich Wunderlich and other leaders, reported 800 Methodists in 2 strong churches in East Berlin, 1,500 in 10 churches in the western sector.

#### Advocate Co-existence

There are some elements among Christians in both East and West who claim they must initiate, or at least co-exist with, a Christian-Marxist dialogue. They do not subscribe to communist secularization but believe that co-operation is more realistic.

"The crown of martyrs we must refuse," wrote one in a letter published in the *Methodist Recorder* in London. Addressing his "brethren and sisters" in West Germany, he said: "Often we do not know whether we shall endure. . . . We have grown very tired." He objected to beliefs that they and the rest of the world seem to hold about dilemmas East Germans face under Communism. While neither Marxists nor Communists, he said, many Christians help build up socialism by accepting it as decreed by God. It can be a vital decision of faith, he added, when they break through the "secret rebellion and tired resignation to active acceptance of their work here. . . . It need not be a surrender or a compromise with what is inevitable."

When matters of faith and the church are drawn into politics and the cold war, he said, "the cause of Christ among us can suffer no greater harm. We are often infuriated at the reporting of the Western press and radio." The writer explained that while prayers are said for the "poor brethren on the other side of the Wall," he scarcely heard of one for the breaking down of the barriers.

In a March 1964 World Council of Churches report, Evangelical Bishop Friederich Krummacher of Pomerania said that church-state relations in Germany are improving. The Communists only respect Christians who courageously profess and practice their faith, he said, and he urged them not to bow prematurely to supposedly irresistible pressure. They will have as much freedom of conscience as they themselves practice without fear, he added. He has long condemned the "progressive theology" which asserts that Christianity's ideals can only be genuinely realized under socialism.

Meanwhile, in the words of one of Student McDaniel's German sources: "I cannot say in my church 'I am against communism.' I have no fear, but I have seen my friends on the other side. Ask me to say no more as I am a preacher in West Berlin. I pray, but I make no history. The Lord does that."

#### Bible Society Reports Increase

Some 34 million copies of Scripture were distributed worldwide in 1963 by the American Bible Society. This is an increase of nearly 3 million over the previous year, and most of it came

from the western part of the United States.

The overall increase was particularly pronounced in Latin America, and partly attributed to a changed attitude of Roman Catholics toward the Bible.

Japan's Bible society reported that non-Christians were the largest purchasers there. A total of 3,117,656 Scriptures were distributed while there are only 800,000 known Christians.

#### Ecumenical, World News Wanted, Says Syracuse Study

John Q. Public is interested in ecumenical news more than in what is happening in his denomination, says a survey by Methodist-related Syracuse University.

And, reports Dr. Robert Root of the school of journalism, citizens rely on newspapers, broadcasts, and magazines, in that order, for their religious news. His study was made for the Religious Public Relations Council.

Readership of religious news is high, whether it appears on page one or on the church page, and churchgoers would like more and better coverage. Human interest stories and news of the national and international scenes are especially wanted.

Though many claim that Protestants get less adequate coverage than do Roman Catholics, there is general satisfaction with the print media's handling of religion, Dr. Root said. Devotional matter and church anniversaries get one third or less of the readers, it was found.

#### NEWS DIGEST . . .

**DEDICATE AT STRATFORD.** A new Methodist church near the Anglican parish church in which Shakespeare is buried was dedicated in Stratford-on-Avon on the 400th anniversary of the poet's birth. Dr. Charles C. Parlin, World Methodist Council vice-president, took part in the service as representative of The Methodist Church.

**TAKES HIGH OFFICE.** Joseph Okpaku of Nigeria is the first Negro ever to be elected to office in the student body at Methodist-related Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. He is the 1964-65 vice-president.

**GETTING AROUND TO IT.** An amendment to guarantee religious freedom, mistakenly omitted from Norway's Constitution 150 years ago, has been unanimously adopted by the national assembly.

**METHODIST BISHOP DIES.** Chih-Ping Wang, one of three Chinese who have been Methodist bishops,





Timothy Dwight read the Bible when four.

# I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

**M**ETHODISM'S Hymn of the Month for August is credited with being the oldest native American hymn that is still used widely in Protestant churches. *I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord* (No. 379 in *The Methodist Hymnal*) was written by one of the most amazing men of the Revolutionary War period.

Timothy Dwight, who was born in Northampton, Mass., in 1752, devoured knowledge voraciously from the time he could understand the meaning of an idea until he died at the age of 64.

At four he could read the Bible. At six he entered grammar school and, although his father had ruled that he was too young to study Latin, he freeloaded from his classmates and mastered their Latin books while they were playing.

Learning was his lifelong idea of fun. He never seemed to be able to get enough.

One of his students later said of him: "I never knew the man who took so deep an interest in everything—the best mode of cultivating a cabbage as well as the phenomena of the heavens or the employments of angels. He was as pleased to talk with lowly people as with lofty ones—his kitchen servant, the college janitor, blacksmiths, hostlers, boatmen, ploughmen; he drew from them what they best knew, and he well paid them in kind for what they gave."

Dwight was graduated from Yale, then served as chaplain in the fledgling U.S. Army. When he was only 43, he returned to Yale as its president. Some say that Yale's greatness can be traced to him. It is not an unreasonable statement, since he managed to be almost a one-man college. As president, he also taught metaphysics, logic, and ethics to the seniors. To further

stave off boredom, he served as professor of literature and oratory, college chaplain, and professor of theology.

Dr. Dwight's outspoken Christianity changed the tenor of campus life. When he began his duties as head of the college, there were less than a dozen professing Christians in the school. But in a series of sermons and discussions, he changed the students' attitudes. A revival that followed claimed a third of them and also led to religious reawakenings at other Eastern schools—Williams, Dartmouth, and Amherst.

Dr. Dwight is considered one of the most important of the American hymn-writers even though *I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord* is the only one of his works that retains its popularity today.

He drew inspiration for his hymns from the Bible, as this one shows in the phrase, "Dear as the apple of thine eye," which actually refers to the pupil of the eye. Allusions to it are found in Deuteronomy 32:10, Proverbs 7:2, and Zechariah 2:8.

The same idea of the close relationship between God and his church is expressed in the next phrase, "And graven on thy hand," a paraphrase in Isaiah 49:16.

The tune, St. Thomas, to which Methodists sing Dr. Dwight's hymn, sometimes has been ascribed to Handel, but it is now believed to have been written by Aaron Williams, an 18th-century English composer, music teacher, and engraver of music. It is a common tune—one that was not written for any specific text. We Methodists also sing it with Isaac Watts' hymn *Come We That Love the Lord*. For that text, too, it provides a vigorous, singable melody.

—CAROL MULLER

died recently at 85 in Tientsin. He was the first to become bishop, and headed the Conferences of Chengtu, Chungking, North China, and Shantung. The only survivor is Bishop W. Y. Chen, 65, reportedly in ill health in Chungking. Bishop Z. T. Kaung died in 1958 at age 72.

## RIGHT AWARD, WRONG MAN.

An honors presentation audience which included Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson had a hearty laugh when Dean Davis Robinson of Methodist-related Emory University in Atlanta mistakenly called the Raymond B. Nixon Award as the "Richard B. Nixon Award."

**PUTTING BELIEF TO TEST.** In the Sermons From Science pavilion at the New York World's Fair, two men from Los Angeles' Moody Institute of Science show the "power of belief and co-ordination of science and religion" by letting 1 million high-frequency volts go through their bodies. One holds a plank above his head until the wood ignites.

**HAILS WOMEN'S ROLE.** Women are the world's "greatest potential resource," Mrs. Esther W. Hymer told a national meeting of Baptist women. She is director of United Church Women's Christian World Relations program. In no country, she said, are the skills, energies, or mental capacities of women being completely utilized.

**CITE HUMAN WORTH.** Norway's Lutheran Bishops Conference has asked South Africa's government to let the Christian idea of human worth change its racial policies before it is too late. They branded apartheid as "contrary to fundamental Christian concepts" and deplored the fact that 3 million people could suppress 9 million. At the same time the bishops acknowledged positive acts of the government and church.

## CENTURY CLUB

Three Methodist centenarians join the **TOGETHER Century Club** this month. They are:

Mrs. O. W. Hayes, 100, Enid, Okla.

Mrs. Emma Cater, 100, Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. Lizzie Clements, 103, Plainview, Texas.

*In nominating a person for the Century Club, please give present address, birth date, and where nominee has church membership.*

# What General Conference *Didn't Do*

ON THE heels of a General Conference that did too much for anyone to absorb fully, it may seem strange to consider what the lone policy-making body of The Methodist Church failed to do. But sometimes *inaction* speaks louder than words.

First, General Conference did not adequately speak for and to typical, run-of-the-pew Methodist laymen. Half of the 858 delegates were laymen, but they were not typical. Rather, they were men and women well acquainted with the church's considerable superstructure and with the jargon and thought patterns of the leadership group. Even so, ministers did most of the talking. With a few exceptions, most lay delegates spoke hesitantly, if at all.

It is true that much of the conference's work must concern the organizational and operational details of a vast church institution. But what about the questions and concerns of laymen, who make up more than 97 percent of the church's membership? Are these things at least in the minds of delegates? If so, why can't the conference speak more directly, more challengingly, to laymen? Much of what it does trickles so slowly down the organizational pyramid to the man in the pew that he can't be blamed for disinterest. This lack of a feeling of involvement seems most unfortunate when, for example, the announcement of Academy Award winners hits many laymen quicker, harder, and closer to home.

Second, General Conference did not sing the faith. Or, perhaps more accurately, when the faith was sung it soon was drowned out by the busy hum of church housekeeping. There were times, of course, when the challenge and excitement of the Christian faith shone through—sometimes at the most unexpected times and places. But the starting point for any consideration of our church's changing role in a topsy-turvy world must be the bedrock of the Christian faith. It is that radical biblical faith that sings, and upon which all matters practical and institutional must be built.

Third, General Conference did not deal sharply with its own dilemma of too much, too fast. At the end of two grueling weeks, during which many delegates put in 18-hour workdays, the legislative decks were cleared at the expense of needed discussion, in some cases, and of action in others. A body of 22 recommendations constituting a major report on church-state relations, for example, was referred to a study commission when delegates saw it as too complex and too controversial to consider in the limited time left before adjournment. So we have no official stand, no declaration of principle, no guide-

lines on many of these issues sure to challenge churches and churchmen in the months ahead.

Even conceding that it is better not to act than to act impetuously, a denomination of more than 10 million members surely must find a way of speaking clearly on these and other contemporary issues. Should General Conference be in session longer than two weeks? Can delegates be given more material farther ahead of time? Should General Conference meet more often, as do comparable bodies in all other major U.S. denominations? Might it delegate some of its authority as the only official voice of Methodism to standing committees or the Council of Bishops? Whatever the answer, Methodism must find ways to speak directly, not by default, to the major concerns of this day.

Fourth, General Conference did not clarify Methodism's ecumenical attitude. On the one hand, it clearly expressed intent to merge with the Evangelical United Brethren Church, scheduling a special session in 1966 to work out details. But it also heard reports that only a few weeks before Methodist representatives had soured an ecumenical consultation by what some other participants felt was parochial, defensive, inward-looking thought.

The new Commission for Ecumenical Affairs now being established under a full-time director can help in this needed process. But until a clear declaration of principle and of goals is agreed to, we are certain to have other incidents showing the sharply divergent opinions—or lack of any opinion—on this question. Let us hope this does not cost the goodwill of other Christians with whom we are engaged in dialogue in this age of ecumenicity.

Finally, General Conference did not reflect a true world view. Ours is a world church. This is emphasized by the theme for the coming quadrennium, *One Witness in One World*. But there were some astonishing demonstrations of a lack of sensitivity to non-U.S. delegates—from remarks by presiding officers about unpronounceable names to failure to consider seriously the impact overseas of some conference actions. Delegates from other countries understand that some matters primarily concern the United States, where the church's greatest numerical strength lies. But they do deeply resent being treated like children—seen, but not heard.

The wave of the future—which is no more than a ripple in the U.S.—already has crested in many areas of the world. Our fellow Methodists from those areas have much to teach us as a church, and we must listen with open minds. —YOUR EDITORS



More than 10 million members of The Methodist Church live in the United States. But outside this country are more than 1 million other Methodists—of many languages, races, and nationalities—who also are a part of our world-circling denomination.

What do these churchmen think of the 'mother' church in the U.S.? To find out,

Together's editors at the 1964 General Conference asked comments from participants representing the church on four continents. Here are their candid observations.



# U.S. METHODISM

## 4 Views From Overseas



### *From Asia...*

By Kim-Hao Yap, pastor of Wesley Methodist Church and a district superintendent in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

I SPEAK as a loyal Methodist, a good friend of my brother churchmen in the United States, when I say frankly I am disappointed by some events which have happened at the 1964 General Conference in Pittsburgh.

I sense in this year's conference sessions a failure of U.S. Methodist leaders to grasp fully the implications of some of their actions—the meaning of these actions as they will be interpreted outside the United States.

Particularly I sense this lack in the way the conference has handled two important issues: racial segregation (symbolized by the existence of the Central Jurisdiction) and the church's world mission. The

two issues are closely intertwined.

Like most of U.S. Methodism's "daughter" churches, we Methodists in Malaysia long have enjoyed—and generally continue to enjoy—a close and friendly fellowship with the mother church in the United States. But painfully, we must admit, we find it increasingly difficult, because of the segregated structure of Methodism in America, to maintain too close a relationship exclusively with the American church. This feeling ultimately may give us impetus toward seeking autonomy.

I am not unfamiliar with the problems which The Methodist Church faces in the U.S. I know of the long-standing racial traditions of your country and of the problems they pose to the church, particularly in the southern states. Certainly it is not possible to change overnight the mores of people who are accustomed to living in a segregated society.

But I feel strongly that the General Conference of 1964 missed the moment to take a decisive stand. The action it took may have helped to solve the problem of segregation in the U.S., but we Methodists overseas cannot justify to our people what seems to us another unnecessary delay. We feel there should have been a clear-cut decision for elimination of the Central Jurisdiction *now*. At least there should have been a forceful declaration of intention that the Central Jurisdiction's segregated structure *must* be abolished.

My country, the Federation of Malaysia, is young, inexperienced in the practice of democracy. Yet, it is built on the idea of interracial fellowship, and the problem of segregation does not exist there. We cannot understand why it has to exist within The Methodist Church. True, a plan has been devised for the Central Jurisdiction to be eliminated, but it gives to the churches the option either to accept or reject that plan. I do not think segregation actually will be eliminated in the church by 1968.

The special General Conference session of 1966 may give us an opportunity to work out this problem by taking advantage of the fact that we may be entering into a new union with the Evangelical United Brethren Church. But in 1964 we have merely protected our church—and we have missed the moment.

More than anything else, it seems to me, the conference's action reflects a preoccupation with the desire to protect its own existence, an unwillingness to consider any proposal which might cause the church to split. The conference seemed only to be looking upon itself, ignoring the kind of image it was projecting to those outside, and largely ignoring what the world expects or demands from the church. To that extent, we failed to grapple with what The Methodist Church should be doing at this time in its history.

As a delegate, but yet in a sense an observer at the General Con-

ference, I do not sense a dynamic concept: now we are gathered, what should the church do? Instead I get the impression: now we are gathered, how can we protect the structure we already have?

The younger Methodist churches overseas, I think, are more concerned than the mother church about their mission in the world. Fortunately or unfortunately, we do not have much of an institution to preserve, and this factor is involved in the desire of some overseas Methodists to seek autonomy. Presently this is not a strong desire in Malaysia, but it does exist. We feel it not so much because we are dissatisfied with our present relationship with American Methodism but because we want to discover the kind of church we should develop to serve our own country.

Sometimes our close relationship with Methodists in America is a liability. Whether we like it or not, we are identified with U.S. society. When the news from America is unfavorable in the eyes of Asians, we are "tarred with the same brush," so to speak. For the sake of our mission, circumstances force us to identify ourselves more closely with our own country. This is what our society expects of us.

Because our nation has achieved political independence so recently, we are especially aware of independence in all segments of society. In practically all institutions, even foreign-owned commercial enterprises, leadership has been shifted to our citizens. When people look to the church, they expect the same degree of independence, so a self-governing structure is almost a necessity for us if we are aware of our public image.

The opportunity for the growth of Christianity's influence in Malaysia is great. Officially the nation is an Islamic state, and it is forbidden to propagate any other faith to the Muslims. But among the large Chinese and Indian communities, the way is open. The younger generation's faith in their fathers' religions has been shattered, and this gives us a tremendous opportunity to carry out our work.

Of course, our church long will need American help, especially

missionaries to work in fellowship with our national leaders. But our people will not tolerate—the word is not too strong—the maintenance of foreigners in control. They will gladly work side by side *with* the missionaries but not *under* them.

To prepare for the new kind of world which is coming, American Methodists need to come to some clearer definition of their purposes in carrying out missionary enterprises. The goal should not be merely the extension of The Methodist Church as an American institution. It should be the establishment of self-governing, independent churches which are able to do the work of Christ where they are. This is the declared aim of British Methodists: to establish self-governing churches as soon as possible and for these churches to enter into a union with other Protestant denominations in their own

country as quickly as they are able.

Our understanding of "the church" is not limited by denominational definitions. The idea that we need a world Methodist church to deal with the problems of the world on a global basis is naïve. Each area has its own problems, and the church in each area must be free to confront them as it sees best. Sometimes this may mean that Methodists will need to unite with other denominations.

For American Methodists to seek worldwide Methodist unity under a single denominational banner is a misreading of the signs of the times. No matter how you structure it, this will be interpreted as an attempt by the American church to dominate, because of its size, the Methodists all over the world—to surround itself with satellites.

Christianity today is not moving in that direction. □

## *From South America...*

By Sante Uberto Barbieri, the bishop directing Methodism in Argentina, Uruguay, and Bolivia. Educated in the U.S. at Southern Methodist and Emory Universities, he is a former president of the World Council of Churches.



**E**CUMENICAL winds are blowing across Christendom. Evidences of these refreshing breezes are seen around the world—from the Vatican Council in Rome even to our own proposed Methodist union with the Evangelical United Brethren.

Aside from this latter proposal, however, I think it is not a misinterpretation of the evidence to say that we in The Methodist Church are not fully aware of the rising ecumenical tide.

I have been in the ecumenical movement many years. I am presently a member of the executive and central committees of the World Council of Churches. Those of us who are involved in these interdenominational efforts, even though we are a part of The Methodist Church, have come to recognize that our church is still traditionally Methodist—and extremely proud of that fact.

This is not to say, of course, that The Methodist Church has not made important contributions to ecumenicity. It has been far more generous than many others in its financial support, and I doubt the World Council of Churches would be able to operate as it does without liberality of U.S. Methodists.

Still, it is not difficult to see, in the present context of growing ecumenical interest, why outsiders see American Methodists as contributing and co-operating, but somehow restrained by their own opinion of themselves.

Such an attitude is confirmed, I think, by observing the 1964 Methodist General Conference. We have seen few expressions of ecumenicity in Pittsburgh—and not much genuine enthusiasm for it.

It is easier, perhaps, for us in other regions of the world to appreciate what ecumenicity implies to the future of the church. Method-



ists in the United States, being members of one of the largest religious bodies in a strongly church-oriented nation, probably cannot imagine what it is like to be a minority.

In Latin America, on the other hand, Methodism is not a large church. We are a small minority, even by comparison with other Protestant groups. Perhaps we feel a greater necessity for working with others because we are so small.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the Roman Catholic Church to increase its work in Latin America, our continent represents a vast and growing field for Protestant activity. Right now the Roman Catholics say they would need another 150,000 priests to serve the Latin American population with a minimum of one priest to every 800 or 1,000 persons. That is impossible, even within the next one or two generations.

Add to that the fact that the population of Latin America is increasing at a rate faster than any other part of the world. Already we have roughly 220 million people, at least two thirds of whom have no relationship, or only a very nominal relationship, with any church. By the end of this century, the figure is expected to be 600 million!

It is easy to see that the missionary problem—the evangelistic problem—is becoming more and more acute for all churches. The challenge to us as Protestants, just as to the Roman Catholics, is great. I am happy to say that a more friendly attitude between the two groups is developing.

As Methodists confronting this challenge, we face some difficulties in talking to those outside the church because of the position of U.S. Methodism on race. Sometimes people turn to us and say, "You are connected with The Methodist Church in the United States. How can you explain this?" Our churches would have liked to see the 1964 General Conference take a more drastic stand: to declare that the segregated Central Jurisdiction should be eliminated immediately.

We have the feeling, sometimes, that the General Conference is still mainly a general conference for the

Methodists of the United States, not for Methodists around the world. We have seen a great deal of improvement in this regard, but we still have a great way to go.

This year, for example, the General Conference was asked to consider a change in the orders of the ministry, eliminating the role of deacon and having only one ministerial order. We feel that having the present two orders, deacon and elder, is more a matter of tradition here in the U.S. than a standard of real spiritual value. More than once we have expressed the hope that this change would be approved. It was not passed this year, of course, though it may be brought up again in the future.

On another General Conference issue, that regarding alcohol, we in Latin America face a somewhat different problem from you in the U.S. Alcoholism is a problem in some of our countries, but in others—Argentina and Uruguay, for example—many people are of European-Latin origin and accept wine and beer as normally as water. The majority of people do not get drunk, and it is difficult for them to understand the Methodist concern about drinking.

They would say that the church should put more emphasis on moral

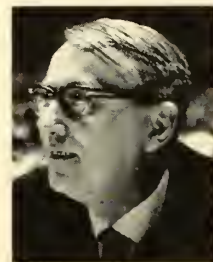
values and not so much on saying, "You don't drink and you don't smoke, therefore, you are a Christian." They know from experience that there are people who do not smoke or drink and yet are not Christians. I am sure this Latin attitude toward alcohol and tobacco would not be understood by many American Methodists. The General Conference's action on this question probably reflects the typical U.S. Methodist's view.

Despite these differences and others, however, few Latin American Methodists would want to loosen our ties with you. They have no desire to be isolated fragments. Their only reason for wishing to become autonomous—and this is not a widespread desire—would be as a step toward moving into larger united Protestant churches.

I think the general feeling is not toward such isolation or independence as much as to develop more local autonomy within the existing framework of Methodist structure—the overseas Central Conferences. For some time to come, we will want to retain our relationship with Christians around the world through The Methodist Church—exercising our right to speak out frankly when we see things a different way. □

## *From Europe...*

By Carl Ernst Sommer, since 1953 president of Methodism's Frankfurt Theological Seminary, a post once held by his father, the late J. W. Ernst Sommer, who later became a German Methodist bishop.



WHEN MY FATHER came to the United States after World War II, he found that the 1944 General Conference had elected him to a commission. "I am surprised," he told an American friend. "After all, we were at war." The friend replied: "American Methodism has never been at war with German Methodism."

This spirit of true friendship—and the willingness to understand even things that may be difficult—has struck us as being something very wonderful. We have great ad-

miration for the way American Methodists have accepted with gladness tremendous responsibilities all around the world.

Being about 100 years younger as Methodists, we in Germany have not progressed as far in understanding and developing our church's role in society. Some of our people are of a more pietistic trend and feel that churchmen should stay more inside the church than outside of it. Many Methodist leaders in Germany feel this is quite wrong, that the church must

make itself felt in society. In this, we feel we can learn a great deal from American Methodists—not by directly adopting programs for our use, but by looking for analogous ways of dealing with mutual problems.

At the same time, there are essential differences between our churches which some Americans may not understand. It sometimes appears to us that American Methodism corresponds a little more to a national church in some ways, and may not be so free as we strive to be. Because we are a minority church in every sense (with 65,000 members among Germany's nearly 65 million people), we must guard not only freedom to become church members but also freedom from the national Lutheran church. One also must remember the time that nationalism was a sort of neurosis in Germany. At that time, many who did not want their churches impounded by the state felt that absolute disassociation of the church from society seemed the best policy. We realize now that this, too, could be dangerous.

Through travelers, exchange students, publications, and particularly U.S. Methodist chaplains stationed in Germany, we have frequent and valuable exchanges with American Methodists. Both sides are benefitting from this dialogue.

What happens in American Methodism, of course, does affect us. When I first arrived in this country this year, I did not intend to vote on the question of the Central Jurisdiction, feeling it was more of a U.S. problem. But later I changed my mind because I knew the decision would affect to some extent our Methodist work all over the world.

I did feel that, as a non-American, I must be thoroughly acquainted with the facts. At first, I felt rather radical. Perhaps this reflected the shock I had felt in 1956 during a speaking tour in the U.S. when I first boarded a segregated bus in the South. We in Germany feel quite strongly about this question, all the more as we never have had any problems regarding the Negro. Thousands from Africa are studying in Germany today, and we

feel no real prejudice toward them.

As I studied the matter and heard the various points of view, however, I decided this obviously was not the place for an idealist who soars some yards above the ground. In the end—well, there is a saying that the art of politics is to try for the possible. The possible in this instance, I felt, was what the study commission proposed, and I took my stand with the majority. So did the rest of the German delegation, incidentally, and most of the other European delegates with whom I later discussed it.

We had special interest in the action of General Conference concerning Methodist-Evangelical United Brethren merger, since the EUBs are strong in Germany. A commission representing both German and Swiss Methodism has conferred for some time with a similar EUB commission, and already many of the practical problems of union have been ironed out. We felt, therefore, that without a clear endorsement of the goal of union (subject to the working out of details), the ground would have crumbled from beneath our feet.

Delegates from countries other than the United States did feel at times during General Conference that they were forgotten. In naming subcommittee members, for example, the six U.S. jurisdictions in one case were immediately represented—but not the Central Conferences overseas. Such representation may not be strictly correct on the basis of membership, but it does underscore the fact that Methodism is a world church, and it does give us from

other countries more chances to register our views.

Though we Germans heartily endorse eventual merger with the EUBs, we are not involved in similar conversation with other denominations. As a minority church, we feel we would be swallowed up and our contribution lost if we were to merge, say, with German Lutherans, who claim 40 million members.

We think it is good that American Methodists are carrying on honest ecumenical conversations. But we rather appreciate those who point out that before union with the Anglicans or the Baptists, for example, great differences must be overcome. We would not be happy if, in conversations with the Anglicans (or the U.S. Episcopalians) large concessions were made on reordination and the historic episcopacy and closed communion. If that came to pass, I don't know what would happen to us in Germany. We might feel we would have to become autonomous. But despite our misgivings about some churches with whom the price of union might be too great, we say go right ahead—but don't go ahead too fast.

No, we feel our ecumenicity lies in co-operating, not in uniting. Even our Lutheran friends endorse this. One, as he asked me to join an ecumenical commission, said: "Now you be as Methodist as you can be. We need that!" That is exactly what we plan to do. And that is why we hope Methodism will remain a truly united world church—so we Methodists in Germany can profit from all those valuable associations as we witness in our own land. □

## *From Africa...*

By Samuel Tsopotsa, a layman, school principal at Old Umtali Methodist Center in Southern Rhodesia. His position of leadership indicates the increasing importance of trained nationals in Methodist work overseas.



IT IS unfortunate, in this age of rapid transportation and almost instantaneous communication, that the Methodists of Africa and of

the United States do not know each other better.

The exchange which does exist consists primarily of African stu-



dents who come to this country for study, and U.S. missionaries who serve in African nations. Neither end of the exchanges, valuable as they are, provides the broad base of understanding we need.

African students, for example, sometimes receive a bad impression of your country because they are subjected to the pressures of racial segregation. This is particularly unfortunate because these young people are being educated for leadership. They will help to mold the opinions of many others when they return home.

It is bad enough when incidents of discrimination occur in restaurants or hotels or business places, but for Christians to refuse a person membership in a church, as has happened in the past, makes a particularly bad impression. Such incidents, along with the knowledge that racial segregation is officially a part of the U.S. Methodist Church in its Central Jurisdiction, tend to paint a bad image of the American church among our people.

The action of the 1964 Methodist General Conference regarding the Central Jurisdiction did very little, I am afraid, to improve the American image in Africa. If anything, it made it worse. The General Conference, by its action, said that it was not willing to be forthright on the question of race. To the African, this implies that race prejudice is deep-rooted in U.S. Methodism.

The action will be particularly damaging in our area because of the good impression which has been made for Methodism by our bishop, Ralph E. Dodge. He has understood the aspirations of our people, and even those who have not met him know of his witness and have confidence in him. This kind of leadership helps our church a great deal. The General Conference action will convey a different impression altogether.

Before the conference sessions began, I spent two months visiting local Methodist churches and homes in California. I found little racial prejudice there. Most people did not seem to care about the color of a man's skin. But even though I know that many American Methodists deplore the symbol of

segregation in their church, it still will be very difficult for me to explain, especially to African young people, why something more definite was not done to eliminate the Central Jurisdiction now.

Just as few Africans are able to visit the U.S., very few Americans come to Southern Rhodesia. Recently I examined the schedule of a tour planned by the Board of Missions. It will bring a group of U.S. Methodists to Africa for about five weeks in July and August. Regrettably, I found they are to spend much time sightseeing and very little time meeting people and visiting the stations where the church actually is at work. They will see a great deal of Africa, but will learn little about Africans.

ONE of the problems we would like you to understand is the changing role of the missionary in our church. Leadership is one of the big problems, and we will continue to need the help of American missionaries for some time. But their role must be different from the past when they held the places of leadership. Many, with the best of intentions, I think, had the feeling that they could do nothing but lead. Now our people are being educated and want to direct the destiny of their own church. We still want missionaries to help—even to take some leadership roles—but working with our people.

In the school where I am principal, seven missionary teachers work under my supervision. The fact that these white teachers accept direction from me is a wonderful witness both to our church members and to the unchurched public. Some of them have had longer experience than I, so I draw much advice from them; and this, too, will be one of the continuing roles which missionaries can play.

Ultimately, of course, we hope to become less dependent upon mission support from the U.S. Presently, however, finances are another major problem. The average pastor in Southern Rhodesia serves eight churches. Obviously he cannot be in eight places on a single Sunday, so many pulpits must be filled by laymen who lack adequate

training. Recruitment of new pastors is hampered by lack of funds, and young men whom we should like to see entering the ministry go instead into other fields where opportunity is greater.

Another basic matter which we would like to make clear to our American Methodist brethren is our understanding of our own future as Methodists and as Christians. When missionaries first came to our country, the different denominations began working in different tribal areas, and this tended to divide our Christian people. It is only now that some, laymen especially, are realizing that few real differences separate us from our Christian countrymen. They are coming to feel that in order for the church to be more effective, the denominations must pool resources and personnel to undertake larger problems together.

In Salisbury, the capital city, for example, the churches realized a few years ago that no single one of them could cope with major social problems created by crowded slums, lack of schools, and juvenile delinquency. They began working together and now are able to accomplish much more than as individual denominations working in competition.

We Methodists are glad to participate in this kind of co-operative effort, yet retaining our Methodist identity. For the present, we do not feel we are losing anything by not being autonomous, separated from the church in America.

We cannot help feeling, however, that U.S. Methodists are not as concerned as they might be with the overseas branches of their church. I found in my visits with California Methodists that many were not as mission-minded as I had supposed. Even in the deliberations of General Conference, it appears that matters involving the overseas church receive only perfunctory attention.

Any church needs very much to look outside itself, especially when it makes the claim, as our church does, that it is a world church. If it refuses to look at the problems of Methodists around the world as universal Methodist problems, it fails to live up to its claim. □





*Meet Eva Lou Shuman, Georgia Rural Worker:*

# Missionary in Her Home State

“AND WHO is that young woman?” the visitor asked, pointing out a pert, blond girl in animated conversation on the church steps.

“Oh, she’s our U.S.-2,” the pastor replied.

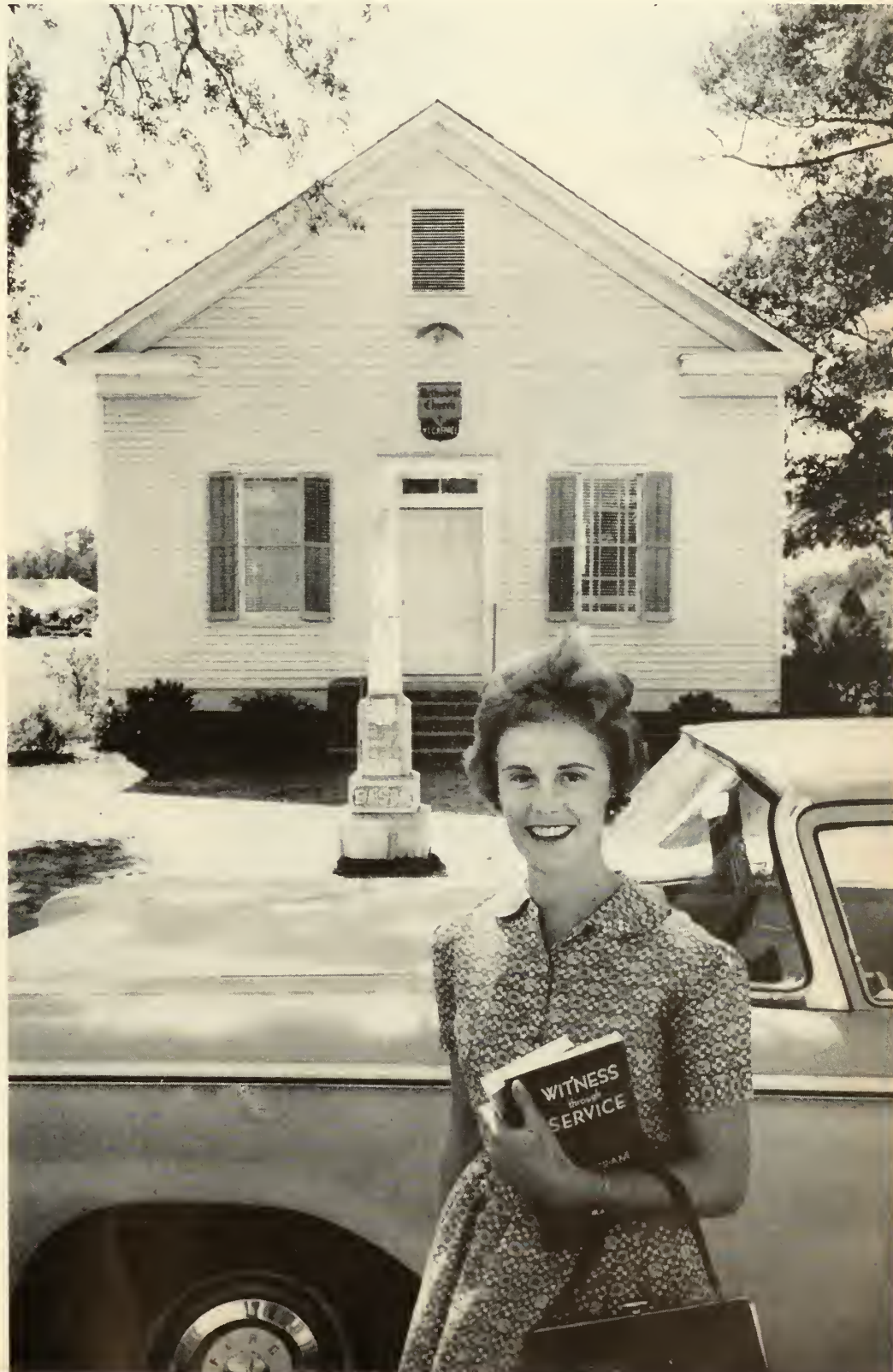
The visitor smiled. “Sounds like some sort of secret military weapon, doesn’t it?”

Not secret, certainly not military, but a type of weapon rapidly proving its worth are the U.S.-2s, the young men and women who volunteer as Methodist home missionaries for two years, serving in whatever capacity the church finds best suited for their diverse talents. The program, which began in 1951, is sponsored by the Woman’s Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Board of Missions.

One of these young people, Eva Lou Groves, became Mrs. Daniel Shuman last June. She is one of 26 U.S.-2s who completed six weeks of training at Scarritt College in 1962. Her term expires September 1, but she already has volunteered for another year as a rural worker in Tattnall County, Ga., with headquarters at the county seat, Reidsville. Her area is tobacco, peanut, watermelon, and turpentine country where many country churches feel the effect of a dwindling rural population. Methodism, here for more than a century, must have trained leadership among the remaining members if it is to survive and grow again.

That, essentially, is Eva Lou’s

*One of her churches in the Statesboro District of the South Georgia Conference is Mount Carmel, founded in 1856. The monument honors the founder’s memory.*







*At a meeting with Tattnall County's Methodist ministers, Eva Lou joins in a discussion of plans for the countywide autumn School for Christian Workers.*

*In turpentine country, she stops to talk with Craig Cox, a church-school superintendent.*



assignment—training youth and adult leadership for today and tomorrow. Tattnall County has nine Methodist churches, and, as Eva Lou points out, days can sometimes last from dawn to midnight. The 1959 Ford she pushes some 18,000 miles a year on back country roads had nearly 60,000 miles when she started, now registers around 90,000.

Hardly more than five feet tall, 23 years old, and weighing less than 100 pounds, Eva Lou emphasizes Methodist Youth Fellowship activities, organizes workshops, and trains adult workers; she plans vacation church-school institutes, teaches

*Part of her work is training church-school teachers like Kay Wilkes (left) and Sue Tootle.*







*Leading devotions, she takes part in a Woman's Society meeting.*



*Favorite conversation pieces, whether in Georgia or Minnesota, are family snapshots like those a grandmother shares here with Eva Lou.*

classes, and conducts schools for Christian workers. She meets with ministers and Woman's Society groups; she borrows and returns hymnals, buys food for church affairs, runs errands, operates a mimeograph machine, and makes talks. She has known a few disappointments—and has found many rewards.

Born in the village of Hemp near the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains in north Georgia, Eva Lou was graduated from Tennessee Wesleyan College, majoring in religion and philosophy. Before graduation from TWC, she spent one summer working in Savannah

District with another rural worker.

From the first, this Georgia girl with boundless energy, dedication, and training found a warm welcome in Tattnall County. Soon after she arrived, at homes along the roads, through pine groves, or past swamps, there were standing invitations for Eva Lou to drop in anytime for dinner, supper, or breakfast; to spend the night; to join a family fishing expedition. Her automobile and office, folks soon discovered, are storehouses of Methodist resources, information, materials, and equipment.

The six-weeks training period for U.S.-2s at Scarritt, intensive to say

the least, stands her in good stead. As she explains, "We were confronted by an almost bewildering variety of topics—from Christian beliefs to crafts, from music to missions, from the structure of The Methodist Church to the structure of drama."

The *Yearbook* prepared by the 1962 U.S.-2s made things plain: "One of the most essential qualifications and assets of the rural worker is her love and concern for God's people and God's country. We have become aware of some of the needs of the people in town and country church and communities in Rural America. Through our lives and

*The hope and promise of the rural church is in the intelligent young faces of these Tattnall County MYFers, meeting with the rural worker in a Reidsville park.*







service during the next two years, we desire to help meet some of the needs of these areas."

Eva Lou's 25 fellow students went to many states, but 2 of her friends also are serving in Georgia. Lenita Wixson, an Arkansan, is physical education and recreation director at the Vashti Girls School in Thomasville; Linda Perry, an Ohioan, is at nearby Danville, working in Dudley Larger Parish.

As for Eva Lou, after almost two years in home-mission work, she sums up her experience this way:

"I feel that I have learned more and have grown more toward Christian maturity than during all the other years of my life!" □



*From her apartment porch at Reidsville, Eva Lou confers with William Haselton, pastor of Shiloh-Harmony Circuit.*

*One of the unforgettable pleasures of rural-church work is dinner-on-the-grounds at Shiloh Church—especially if your husband-to-be happens to be present!*

*End of a busy day: Entertaining her visiting mother, she prepares supper with Mary Elizabeth Boyd who shared the apartment with Eva Lou until her marriage.*





# Receet for Washin Cloes

Bild fire in back yard to het kettle of rain water  
Set tubs so smoke won't blow in eyes if wind is peart  
Shave one hole cake of lie sope in bilin water  
Sort things make three piles one pile white one pile cullord one  
pile werk briches and rags  
Stur flour in cold water to smooth then thin with bilin water  
Rub dirty spots on board scrub hard then bile rub cullord but don't  
bile just rench and starch  
Take white things out of kettle with broom stick handel then rench  
blew and starch  
Spred tee towels on grass  
Hang old rags on fence  
Pore rench water on flower bed  
Scrub porch with hot sopy water  
Turn tubs upside down  
Go put on cleen dress smooth hair with side combs brew cup tee set  
and rest a spell and count blessins



*Washday used to be a heap of work, but  
the wise woman knew what to do when the tubs were empty  
and the work done: she rested and was grateful.*

By MICKIE GUMM

I FOUND this gem of wisdom inscribed in the front of an old cookbook in a secondhand store several years ago, just as it is set down here. Below it was written: "Given by a Kentucky grandmother to her daughter, then a bride."

I typed a copy and taped it above the automatic washer in my utility room. When my married daughter brought her babies to visit me, she smiled over it and observed: "The spelling and punctuation remind me of the letters we used to get from Daddy's mother. And I remember when you used to wash on a washboard for us. I used to help you, you know, even if I was pretty small."

She decided she would like to

have a copy of the *Receet* for her own utility room. But neither of my younger daughters, nor my two young daughters-in-law, had ever seen a washboard in action or knew what a bar of lye soap was. To them the message was just quaint and funny, like the old-fashioned dresses in the local museum. As for that last sentence, their reaction was: "What blessings could you count when you had to do your washing like that?"

Today all my children are in their own homes, and I live in a small, easy-to-care-for apartment where there is neither room for nor need of an automatic washer. About once in two weeks I drive to a wonderfully efficient and con-

venient Laundromat a few blocks away where my clothes are washed and dried with very little effort on my part. While I am there, I am entertained by the activity around me.

This morning, as I waited for my wash to dry, two young women were working nearby. One had deposited a toddler in the playpen as she came in. The other had two children, a little older, who were happily climbing on and off the coin-operated "galloping pony" at the front of the Laundromat.

The mother of the older children slammed the door on the last of five loaded machines and came back up the row putting coins in the slots. When suds and clothes



# Whatsoever Things Are Lovely



MANY YEARS ago, I was helping with the rehabilitation of a destitute family. It was my first experience in this sort of work, and I threw myself into it with unrestrained enthusiasm.

That family was never without my attentions for more than a few days at a time. I besieged friends for cast-off furniture and wearable clothes, and ransacked my own house for more of the same. With meager funds, I made careful selections of plain and filling food.

But it was left to that poor mother to teach me a lesson I have never forgotten.

As I prepared for one of my visits to her, I noticed a small bottle of perfume on my dresser. I had meant to throw it away, but now I impulsively picked it up and took it along.

After I had been thanked for the clothes I had brought, I took out the little bottle and handed it to her. Her dutiful expression of gratitude vanished, and in its place came a look of radiant happiness. She carefully removed the tiny bottle cap and took one ecstatic sniff.

"Perfume!" she said. The tone spoke volumes—and I could have blushed for shame. Where was my imagination? I had supplied her and her children with necessities, but I had forgotten that they, like all human beings, long for beauty as well.

Wasn't that what Jesus wanted to teach us when he rebuked those who criticized the woman who used her whole jar of precious nard to anoint him? What a waste, they said. How impractical.

But Jesus was deeply moved. "Why do you trouble her?" he asked. "She has done a beautiful thing to me."

Since that time years ago, precious ointment has always been at the top of my list.

—MARGARET SUBLETTE

were churning busily, she sighed: "There, that's done for a few more days. Let me help you, Connie. Then we can have a break while they run."

"Okay, Jeanne," Connie answered, transferring piles of clothes to the waiting washers. "You put the soap tablets and bleach in the first two loads."

When the washers were humming, the girls went to the soft drink machine and came back to sit at the table with their paper cups. Connie glanced at her watch and frowned: "Remind me to get cake mix when we stop at the market. I have to bake a cake for Dick's luncheon, and I still have to pick up the house, make the beds, and run the vacuum before I get Patty from school. This washday grind takes so much time!"

Jeanne, getting up to check the progress of the machines, agreed: "All I seem to do is wash and iron. Today I have to get lunch for Clint, and the breakfast dishes are still in the sink, and last night's still in the dishwasher."

My clothes were dry, so I left. At home, folding towels and dampening my little ironing, I wondered how those girls would have reacted to my *Receet for Washin Cloes*. Probably, I thought, they would have asked as my younger daughters and daughters-in-law had when they read it: "What blessings?"

But there were many blessings, in those days when I was a young wife with much to do and little to do it with. Oh, it was hard, washing for a large family on a washboard, carrying pail after pail of hot water from the copper boiler on the wood range. Those washings took most of the day at least twice a week. They had to be big ones because there had to be time before the next one for so many other things.

Then there were the ironings. Remember those heavy irons that were heated on the stove? And there was the ever-present mending, too, and the sewing of new garments or made-over ones.

There were no vacuum cleaners in our lives then. Instead, there were rugs to beat, upholstery to brush-clean, and much sweeping and dusting to do. But all the chil-

dren helped, and somehow there was time for flower beds, and gardening, and playing, and for driving an hour each way to church every Sunday. We used to sing there about counting our blessings.

Yes, I remember rushing through morning chores while the wash water heated. I remember the blisters on my hands after I had wrung out the last garment, and how my back ached. But I remember, also, the grand feeling of accomplishment when that last pair of "werk briches" hung on the line and the first armloads of sweet-smelling white clothes were carried into the house.

I did not scrub the porch "with hot sopy water," as the Kentucky grandmother advised, nor "pore rench water on flower bed," but the principle was the same. I scrubbed the pine plank floor of my big kitchen with the hot water and rinsed it with the rinse water. And while it dried, I stirred and seasoned the pot of beans or stew that had been simmering on the back of the stove, smelling better every hour.

I remember very well how tired I was by evening, and how I had looked after and cared for the little folk all day while I worked. But I remember, too, the smiles on the children's newly washed faces when the washing was done, the kitchen had been "put to rights," and it was time for them to sit on a bench and watch while Mama kneaded the big pan of bread, molded the loaves and rolls, and then made the cookies.

For me, there was always something about the end of washday that called for making cookies. It was a practical thing to do; most of my neighbors baked bread and cooked beans or stew on washday to utilize the extra fuel used to heat the wash water. But that was not why I baked the cookies. When the big day's work was done and my kitchen looked and smelled so fresh and clean, when the snowy loaves were set to rise and my little ones waited happily with me for the rest of the family to come home, then my heart "counted blessings." Baking cookies for my family was my way of saying: "Thank you, God." □



Methodist minister Harry Adams' stint at the radio mike has been described as "Russian roulette with a telephone."

*Grappling with peoples' questions about morals, death, and race tests the frankness and honesty of two young ministers who are changing Protestantism's image with . . .*

## California's Microphone Ministry

By BRUCE L. WILLIAMS

NEW LISTENERS to radio station KRLA, Los Angeles, one of the most popular among southern California's surfing and hot-rod set, are likely to be startled at 10 p.m. Sundays by an abrupt shift in programming. Music "to twist by" yields to a conversation-type radio show called *Let's Talk*. For three hours, Protestant ministers answer questions telephoned in by listeners.

When the station first put this religious late show on the air last fall, it was a pacesetter. Now it rates as the most widely listened-to religious program in this area.

The quick change from "swinging and spinning" music to religious talk surprisingly gains listeners. And teen-agers tend to stick with the clergymen until the station's sign-off. Others also join—insomniacs, old people lonely or sick, unmarried adults with no place to turn, a woman about to turn on the gas jet.

One of the ministers, the Rev. Harry Adams of First Methodist Church in Alhambra, Calif., believes this microphone ministry is helping people with questions that really bother them—giving the church a better image.

The other clergyman is the Rev. George V. Erickson, minister of education at Calvary Presbyterian Church in South Pasadena. When one man is ill or away, the other fills in. The program time is donated by KRLA, as a public service in the name of the Southern California Council of Churches.

John Barrett, station manager, and Dr. Clifton E. Moore, council radio-television co-ordinator, originated the program.

The huge, free-floating congregation served by the two ministers numbers an estimated 100,000 persons spread over five counties. By any ordinary church yardstick, it would not be considered a parish at all. But Mr. Adams thinks it is precisely the kind of parish that today's church needs most to serve.

"Too many congregations are ghettos," he says. "Somehow we need to get outside our four walls and talk with the serious-minded person who is asking questions."

This radio ministry has been a new and startling experience for Mr. Adams. Inevitably it has worked changes in his preaching, counseling, and how he administers

the local church that is his major responsibility.

With no way to prepare adequately for this kind of program, Mr. Adams has to risk being himself. There is no place to hide, no chance to pretend before a congregation large enough to fill the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum.

Once a Roman Catholic called in with a question he could not answer. Mr. Adams said just that, and invited any priests listening to call the station with the information. A priest called, thanked Mr. Adams, and answered the question.

"I learned that you don't have to answer all the questions, that you are not the Lord God Almighty," says this microphone minister. "People are so used to getting the same old answers and religious double-talk that a candid reply is almost shocking."

What they want, he is convinced, is honesty and an openness that reveals how a minister really thinks and feels. When a listener questioned him about what heaven was like, Mr. Adams replied that he was not too interested in speculating about the hereafter. He said he was



having a tough enough time just getting through the program, and the next day, and the day after.

Mr. Adams fretted about this response, but later reflection convinced him he was right on two counts. First, the traditionally popular concepts of heaven and hell had no meaning for him. Second, his answer fits Jesus' words in Matthew 6:34, "Therefore do not be anxious about tomorrow, for tomorrow will be anxious for itself. Let the day's own trouble be sufficient for the day."

Teen-agers are quickest of all in perceiving a phony, Mr. Adams finds. He recalls a substitute minister on *Let's Talk* giving a flip, pugnacious, parental answer to a question. The switchboard lighted up with calls from youths who chopped the poor man down to size. The incident showed all too clearly the serious communication problems between pulpit and pew, and between parents and youths.

Far more hostility exists toward the church than even its sternest critics are aware of, Mr. Adams believes. Of the 50 calls received during an hour program, 15 or more are from persons so angry or obscene they cannot be aired.

Hardest persons to talk with are religious bigots, Bible literalists, and people who are all sweetness and light. Politely he listens, and just as politely he sharpens points of difference and agreement. Any display of belligerence on his part would cut off further conversation.

"I think the program has helped me listen to what people are asking and to be open. I don't mean you have to be namby-pamby. But you have to allow the bigot and the racially prejudiced person to have his say, then say what you really think. Most times, if you let these persons talk long enough, they will hang themselves."

Another thing the program indicates to Mr. Adams is a low state of evangelism in modern-day practice. "I think our two-by-two visitation, our sign-'em-up-at-any-cost approach, is defunct. The very existence of this radio program shows a willingness to go where the people are, where they can talk about problems on their terms, not the church's terms," he points out.

"There is nothing craven, de-meaning, or patronizing about it," Mr. Adams says of his unusual radio ministry. "We clergy are there, exposed, vulnerable, with this Gospel of love, including all its uncertainties and new possibilities."

Evangelism worth anything, in this radio clergyman's view, tries to grapple with what is troubling people most, not in winding up the machinery to get the quota to look good for the record.

What bothers most listeners, and who are they? They are the conservative adults, says Mr. Adams, who want to turn back the clock. They criticize any morality that is not Mid-Victorian. They want to know why the Negro is pushing so hard. They think that only their church is following the right path.

To all the confusion, frustration, and doubt which jangles his way over four telephone lines, Mr. Adams offers a word of hope: "We are embarking on what promises to be one of those times in history, like the Renaissance, when there is more openness than before."

Instead of decrying the times, he wants to do what Harry Emerson Fosdick did in the '30s when he preached a sermon entitled, *A Great Time to Be Alive*.

"God is no less present and active today than ever before," says Mr. Adams. "If the dangers are greater, so also are the possibilities. This is merely evidence of God's love and trust."

Most questions center on death, morals, or race. There was the 13-year-old boy who called one night

*Clergymen George Erickson (standing) and Harry Adams see dialogue with listeners as "being plugged into life."*



because he was afraid he might die. "What are you doing up at this hour?" the radio minister blurted. Then quickly added, "I'm sorry I jumped down your throat. Yes, I'm afraid of death, too."

He often urges living a day at a time. Never, he comments, are answers of Christian faith more appropriate than now. The assurance of eternal life is not just a message for Easter but for every day.

Mr. Adams tries to make it clear on the heaven-hell questions that, for him, heaven is closeness to God, and hell is estrangement from Him. Hell can be on earth in the midst of today, as well as in the hereafter, he says. He explains it this way:

"It's been my experience that I somehow manage to lose the sense of God's presence in each day. I need to be constantly reminded that God is encountered in every honest moment. When I can feel sure of this, my days are transformed. When I can't, I am in hell."

His function on questions about morality, he feels, is to help adults know the reality and dimension of the moral revolt without all the alarmist hair-pulling.

Young folks, he affirms, are looking for moral standards and how to set them without being called square. But they do not want the church to talk to them as their parents do. They want to be respected and allowed to think a problem through, with the minister's help. Mr. Adams is not particularly disturbed by widespread agnosticism among youth. He attributes much of the appearance of this to demands for new honesty in religion.

After one show, an atheist called because Mr. Adams had said on the air that most atheists were only rejecting a concept of God he could not believe in himself. "I am not afraid of youth doubting," he says. "How could they doubt God if there weren't a God to doubt?"

On race questions, Mr. Adams takes the position that desegregation will come, like it or not, and tries to impress on his listeners that the problem is not going to go away.

"Negroes are going to see the problem through. I know they are. So when teen-agers ask me how

they can deal with prejudices of their parents, I encourage them to think for themselves and do what they believe is right.

"When someone asks me if intermarriage between Negro and white is morally wrong, I answer that it is not immoral, but it creates terrific social problems. Especially for the children in our society. I advise against it, unless in a racially inclusive society like Hawaii.

"And then I go on to point out that much of the clamor about intermarriage is a smoke screen for prejudice. It isn't what the Negro really wants. Martin Luther King says the Negro wants to be the white man's brother, not his brother-in-law."

Not all telephone callers have questions. Some want emergency help. When a woman made a frantic request for blood for two people without money or family, a police station switchboard receiving donors' names was swamped with more than 600 calls. A predecessor at the microphone received a call from a woman about to take her life. He held the woman on the line, and the station stayed on the air overtime until police could trace the call and send help.

"About all you can do with some emergency calls is to tell the persons where help can be found, then pray to God they will seek it out," says Mr. Adams. "If you personally tried to absorb all the loneliness, sickness, and fear, you'd go nuts."

No one ever will know exactly what the radio ministry has done or has failed to do. In this respect it is much like a sermon. But this much is certain: In the Los Angeles area, it is helping to change the image of Protestantism.

The program is riding the crest of radio's latest popularity wave in southern California. Stations now give more than 150 hours a week to conversation and discussion programs. Some are little more than aimless chitchat or a pooling of irrelevant ignorance.

Not so with *Let's Talk* and other programs of its type. *Variety*, a news magazine of the entertainment world, calls this technique "Russian roulette with a telephone." Harry Adams calls it "being plugged into life." □

## getting along Together

On a Western tour, our bus conductor—a high-school history teacher—spoke of the large tracts of land owned by some men and the fortunes made in oil, cattle, or truck farming. "It isn't right for one person to have that much wealth," one well-dressed person asserted.

"Another person's money doesn't worry me a bit," said our guide. "Every day I'm glad I live at a time when any person can succeed in proportion to his efforts, and where he can work and sleep and worship without fear of those who differ, or earn less."

There was a pleasant silence. I sensed that each person was thinking of his many good fortunes.

—MRS. JOHN PFEIFFER, Atlanta, Ga.

Little Bill, in my church-school class, kept creating a commotion by scaring the girls with a live grasshopper. I decided a little matronly psychology was needed.

Interrupting the other teacher, I asked Bill to stand. "Remember how we were studying about God's creations?" I asked. "Well, Bill has been real nice today and has brought one of God's small creations to show us." Bill proudly displayed his grasshopper, and everything was quieter for the rest of the session.

—MRS. ROBERT ASKINS, Fayetteville, Tenn.

Our congregation was building a new church. In the old building, there were not enough classrooms, and one of the children's classes was crowded into the furnace room. One Sunday one of the small pupils looked up at the teacher and asked pensively, "Will we have a bigger furnace room in the new church?"

—JILL MYERS, Wichita, Kans.

*Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lightened a heart. TOGETHER pays \$5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned; please don't enclose postage.—Eds.*



# The Meanest Disease

BY PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND



*The youthful prank had seemed like fun to the author—until he related the episode at the supper table. His father's response, remembered years later, led to an apparently futile search.*

FATHER, MOTHER, and Brother were halfway through supper one April evening in my childhood when I hurried into the dining room out of breath.

Mother looked up sharply. "What on earth, Philip? Why are you so late—and so flushed?"

"I forgot what time it was," I mumbled, then added quickly, "Jim and me raced home after we left the gang. Gee, did we have fun!"

"Sit down, Son, and eat your supper," Father directed. "And you can tell us about it."

Heaping my plate with mashed potatoes, I began spilling out the story of the afternoon's excitement. Brother, a year younger, gave rapt and complete attention.

"We chased a boy from Roundy Street way over to Railroad Avenue," I blurted between mouthfuls.

"Why did you do that?" asked Mother, looking serious.

"'Cause he lived over that way, and he belonged over there. We warned him to stay where he belonged."

"That was the only reason?" Father probed. "I thought you were out building membership in your gang."

"Well, this kid kept hanging around our ball game, chasing the ball every time somebody hit a foul in his direction. So Bill got mad, and we chased him home."

"Son, you haven't answered my question," Father insisted. "Why

did you chase him?" he asked again.

"He was a Jew!"

Lightning crashing into the kitchen would not have startled my father and mother more. Mother fairly shook in her chair. The two exchanged disbelieving glances.

I still recall Father slowly pushing his large chair back from the table. "You mean to tell me, Son, that you refused to make friends with a strange boy just because he was Jewish?"

"I just can't believe this of Philip!" Mother exclaimed.

"Who was he?" Brother asked.

"It doesn't matter what his name was!" Father snapped, severity coloring his words. Defensively I replied: "I didn't start it. Bill did."





"Yes, among some houses, tailin' it for the bridge."

Father snapped to his feet with sudden decision. "Son, get your cap," he commanded.

"But I just started my supper," I whined.

"I told you to get your cap."

Mother was standing now. "Victor, where are you going?" she asked my father.

"To find that boy."

"Shouldn't Philip finish his meal first?" she questioned.

"No, he should not. First things come first. This is more important. We are going to find that boy, and Philip is going to apologize to him and his entire family!" He turned again to me. "Hurry up and get your cap. You're going to do a little more chasing."

"Of course, Philip was only following Bill's example," counseled Mother. She was so ready to forgive; mothers always are.

"I know that, dear. But he had a part in this, and he should make amends. You think I'm not ashamed of this? Here I am, a leader in the church, and my son does a trick like this!"

There was nothing to do except to follow Father, a tired carpenter, out into the shadowed streets and deepening dusk.

"Show me where you last saw that boy," Father dictated. "We'll take off from there."

Father followed me to a narrow path between houses close to the old Dreamland Theater. We climbed fences, slipped among dense maple trees, scanned dark roads, homes, lawns, an alley.

As we stumbled on in the fading light, Father kept talking. "How would you like to be stoned and driven from a friendly game by a gang of hoodlums just because you are who you are?" he demanded.

"I . . . I wouldn't."

"You may be sure you wouldn't! Tell me why you chased him away."

"I guess I don't know the real reason," I said lamely.

"Of course you don't! You just went after him because the others did, and you persisted to follow him way down here because Bill egged you on."

"Bill said we was havin' fun."

"Son, is that your idea of fun?"

I do not recall answering that question, but my memory is still vivid of our prolonged twilight search as we moved on toward Beverly Bridge, the poor houses, the dingy tenements. As the night wore on, my courage and strength wore out. Finally, I admitted that I could not go on. I was tired physically, frightened, and exhausted mentally.

Father pointed to rain-warped sun-bleached tenements. "Always remember, Son, that you might have been born here. Only by a great wisdom superior to ours were you born in a nicer portion of town. But your mother still would be a fine, noble woman if she kept house in one of these buildings."

We covered another row of small, twisting roads before Father said quietly, "We have failed. We might as well go home."

Back home at 34 Pierce Avenue, I went to bed immediately. I did not think of Father's own weariness. Mother told me about it years later. She also told me of their conversation while I slept: "Poor Philip, he looked clean tuckered out," she said. "He was asleep the minute he touched the pillow."

An hour later she came up to my bedroom again, then hurried downstairs and brought Father back to my bedside.

"See how he tosses in his sleep!" she said. "I heard him moan. This has been a terrible experience for him. I believe he is actually sick."

"He may be, a little," said Father. "So am I. So are all of us."

"How hard he breathes! I think he has a fever." Her loving hand was on my brow. "Maybe we ought to call a doctor."

"No. I don't think a doctor could prescribe for this case. But this attack is good for him. It has to be. I am not surprised."

Father slipped an arm around her and spoke gently but firmly:

"Darling, I know what our son is going through, and I know it's pretty tough. But it's got to be. Of course he's sick. A kind of sickness always follows inoculation."

"Inoculation?" Mother repeated.

"Yes, darling. I had to do it," Father assured her. "Tonight I inoculated my son against the meanest disease in the world!" □

"But you gave chase to the friendless lad because he was Jewish?" Father swooped the napkin from his coat-front.

"I guess . . . I . . . did."

"And you chased him, along with Bill, to Railroad Avenue, when he had not done anyone a bit of harm?"

When I did not answer, Mother demanded: "Philip, what did you and Bill do to him?"

"Nothin'. He got away. Ducked in among some houses, climbed a fence, and got away."

"And this all happened after school today?" Father continued. "Yes."

"And you last saw him on Railroad Avenue, you say?"





Frank and Sue Hainey, sharing a pulpit, are not the family's only preachers. Their daughter earned a preaching license—and married a minister.



Norma and Karen Bramblett get particular attention from Grandmother Agnes Cochran Bramblett, first woman honored as Georgia's poet laureate.

# UNUSUAL Methodists

## PREACHING FAMILY

Frank Hainey always had wanted to be a preacher, but when he got the chance to act in silent movies for \$15 a day, he couldn't resist the "big money."

For 32 years, his career was show business—movies, a stock company, vaudeville, and radio. Then, in 1951, he went to a worship service where "the preacher seemed to be talking to me." That was it; he earned a license to preach and accepted a church. But someone had to take over his pulpit while he went to summer school. The solution: Mrs. Hainey became a preacher, too. She was ordained in June, 1963. Currently, the Rev. Frank Hainey is pastor of Dietz Memorial Methodist Church, and the Rev. Sue Hainey is at Asbury Methodist, both in Omaha, Nebr.

District Superintendent Everett Jackman says Mr. Hainey has given his church, downtown in an older area of the city, a new lease on life. Membership in Mrs. Hainey's church has doubled since she took over. Seating is so scarce on Sundays that she's thinking of having two services. The Hainey's say their success is due to no secret. They just get out and knock on doors.

## POET LAUREATE

To the youngsters in her neighborhood, Agnes Cochran Bramblett fulfills the role of the perfect grandmother. But when she visited David Sonnen's high-school English class, he was startled. "I knew Mrs. Bramblett baked real good," he told his mother, "but I sure didn't know she was artistic."

The many awards Mrs. Bramblett has received for her artistry with words were capped last September when Georgia's Governor Carl Sanders named her the state's poet laureate. Her other honors have been many. Among them was a national award for the best book of poetry published during the war years. She won with *The Wolves of Trollness*, a narrative book-length poem about the Nazi occupation of Norway. She has also published several collections of poetry and, in 1959, a novel, *My Brother, Oh My Brother*.

Despite her accomplishments, poetry has taken third place in Mrs. Bramblett's life. Her family and her church have come first. In 1908, she married Walter Bramblett, and while her son and daughter were growing up, and while her husband lived, she was primarily a homemaker.

She continues to be an active member of the Methodist Church in Forsyth, Ga., where she teaches a Bible-study group. Meanwhile, she is taking her job as poet laureate seriously. She lectures, gives poetry-readings, and is hard at work on an epic poem, *Profile of Georgia*.



## PIONEERING PRESIDENT

J. Leonard Lovdahl made up his mind years ago that if he couldn't stand on his own two feet in the literal sense, he could do so figuratively. Today the 38-year-old bachelor, his legs permanently paralyzed by muscular dystrophy, is president of Handicabs, Inc., in Milwaukee, Wis.

Len's own problems provided the idea for his unusual business. Working as an insurance clerk, he was dependent on a brother-in-law for transportation, when the brother-in-law's work schedule was changed unexpectedly. It was no cinch to lift Len into and out of his wheelchair, and life looked bleak until he devised a special transportation system and rallied the financial support of two Milwaukee businessmen. In March, 1958, three miniature buses, equipped with devices to transport disabled persons safely and comfortably, rolled onto Milwaukee streets. Now the company has 20 employees and 16 vehicles.

Len's activities, however, aren't restricted to business. At Grace Methodist Church he teaches a church-school class, sings in the choir, heads the commission on evangelism, and often visits the sick and aged. He belongs to civic and welfare groups, has published a novel and magazine articles, and is working on an autobiography—in his spare time.

Says the Rev. Douglas Fraley, pastor of Grace Church, where Len has been a member for more than 20 years: "Anyone who thinks Mr. Lovdahl is handicapped obviously has never met the man."



*J. Leonard Lovdahl, president of Handicabs, Inc., is wheeled from one of the specially equipped vehicles that have helped liberate Milwaukee's disabled.*

## PINEAPPLE IMPROVER

When Ike Kern was a college student back home in Kansas, a traveling preacher offered to help him become a singing evangelist. Ike said no; he preferred to do the Lord's work in agriculture. Today in Wahiawa, Hawaii, Ike sings tenor in the Wahiawa Methodist Church choir; he is lay leader and has served as chairman of both the official board and the commission on evangelism; and he is, indeed, doing the Lord's work in agriculture.

Mr. Kern is superintendent of the field experiment station maintained by the Pineapple Research Institute, a foundation established by Hawaiian pineapple companies to work for constant improvement of plant strains and growing techniques. On the institute grounds are hundreds of pineapple varieties used by institute scientists for testing. In a reverent way, Ike Kern feels that he is a partner with God as he goes about his work.

But he works long and hard with people, too. In addition to singing and evangelism, he has served the Hawaii Mission Conference as lay leader. Other religious interests? Ike had no time to answer. He had to hurry away to attend an important committee meeting.

*Ike Kern, church leader and experiment station superintendent of the Pineapple Research Institute, examines a specimen in a test plot.*





Are your children so enmeshed in organized activities  
that they cannot appreciate solitude, nor think for themselves,  
nor act on their own resources? This jurist advises:

# Let's Leave the Kids Alone!

By ROBERT GARDNER

I USED TO BE a model organization man. I belonged to civic, fraternal, and professional associations, clubs, committees. Scarcely an evening went by that I was not off to some dinner or evening meeting.

Then came a great awakening: I realized that I had become so enmeshed with outside affairs that I was a virtual stranger to my own family. Realizing my folly, I began to drop memberships, turn down committees, and give up many community activities. Now, finally, I have resumed my place as the actual, physically present head of my family at meals and in the evenings. In short, I have reverted—perhaps the proper word is progressed—from an organization man to a parent and husband.

An article I wrote describing this process brought a flood of flattering mail from all over the United States. I suppose I became the object of suspicion on the part of some local organizations; it's almost un-American not to belong to a service club. However, I was pleased with myself as a husband and parent.

Then a woman wrote me, asking in substance, "What you say is true, but have you looked around the house lately to see where your children are?" To my consternation, I saw that while I had been busy breaking the shackles of organizations, withdrawing from many community activities, dropping memberships, refusing speaking engagements, withdrawing from fund drives, quitting committees, and losing friends left and right, my own children had become as completely enmeshed in this organization treadmill as I ever had been.

In a situation such as mine, you



*The author is judge of the Juvenile Court, Orange County, California.*

discover that even if you do withdraw from a too-active participation in the VFW, American Legion, Lions, Optimists, Kiwanis, Rotary, Civitans, United Fund, Community Chest, Red Cross, PTA, Friends of the Hospital, Friends of the Library, Salvation Army, 20-30, Breakfast Club, Elks, Eagles, Moose, Raccoons (one for every beast in the forest), your children have quietly become active in the Scouts, Brownies, Camp Fire Girls, Blue Birds, Boys Club, Girls Club, YMCA, YWCA, Tri-Hi-Y, Little League, Pony League, Babe Ruth League, Boys State, Girls State, Boy Guides, and Girl Guides. This is only a beginning list, but it does raise a serious question: should every moment of a child's life be planned?

It is true that human beings are by nature gregarious. It also is true that we should attempt to guide this desire of everyone to belong to a group into proper channels. But we have gone much too far.

Someone wrote that when he was a child he used to lie on his back in the yard and listen to the grass grow. The tendency today, I'm afraid, would be to make even that simple activity a group outing. Perhaps the pack or the club or the tribe could make it a short project, but for an individual to do it all by himself is next to unthinkable.

I feel that I had a fairly normal childhood. Yet my most vivid memories of those days do not involve group activity. Rather, they involve such joys as trudging across a snow-covered plateau in Wyoming . . . trying to follow the tracks of a herd of antelope with only an airedale terrier as a companion . . . walking alone down a dusty road in Iowa on a hot summer day with that wonderful feeling of soft, hot dust squirting up between bare toes. I remember playing—by myself—along deserted California beaches, and thrilling—but solitary—adventures exploring caves in the cliffs along the beach. I can remember spending happy hours—all by myself—at age eight or nine sitting in the only tree at Balboa Beach. These I remember vividly.

I do not remember attending Boy Scout meetings, although I did. I do not remember attending meetings of the type which my children are attending, although undoubtedly I attended some.

When I was young, we kids had friends, we had groups, we had gangs. Generally we selected our own groups and made up our own gangs. Parents were not the organizers; we did it ourselves. It was spontaneous, informal. It was a vital, precious part of childhood.

Adult interference would have detracted from the pleasures in-

volved in those relationships. Adult interference would have limited the good which came from them.

I have a great deal of faith in the ability of the average young person to adjust satisfactorily to almost any type of situation, *provided he has the proper home training*. This he cannot get if his parents are always attending a meeting. Neither can he get it if he always is attending a meeting.

I believe we would do well to leave our young people to their own resources a great deal more than we do. Why should every recreational hour be organized? I think that if the average young person were allowed to work out his own problems, he probably would do just as well as we of preceding generations have done—or think we have done.

He would have to think for himself. He would even have to plan for himself. Let him be bored. It will not last long, it never has. He would benefit from temporary boredom more than from having activities planned for him by adults.

As I watch young persons in trouble parade in juvenile court day after day, I wonder if over-organization plays a part in the total picture. There are no statistics to prove or disprove my theory. But when I see a young person from an apparently adequate environment who has made a serious error in a spur-of-the-moment decision, I wonder. Might not he have been better prepared to make that decision if his life had not been quite so well organized?

Someday, your child is going to have to face up to the awful loneliness of a serious decision—all by himself. His best preparation for that is to make a lot of small, independent decisions in the meantime. Even if they all are not right, he will learn from experience.

I remember the boy who could not make up his mind. I have forgotten what he had done to be in court, but it was not a life or death matter. So I left the decision in his case to him. After an interminable wait, he blurted out angrily:

"That's *your* job!" The decision was too tough for him. He was not prepared for it, because decisions

had been made for him until then.

This entire organization idea, adult and juvenile, not only affects the home as an entity but seriously affects the self-sufficiency of the average young person. I can see why some husbands and fathers apparently are happy only when attending a service club, civic, or fraternal meeting. It is the natural result of a background in junior organizations.

As an adult, this type is afraid not to belong to the club, for it is his gang, his home, his protection, his whole life. Without it, he is insecure and frightened. Had he been afforded the time when he was a child to be lonesome, bored, restless, undirected, and unchaperoned, he of necessity would have adjusted to situations as they developed. He then would have a fighting chance to become that type of an individual who always has been the strength of our nation—a free man, a rugged individualist.

Now, what about the church in our overorganized society? I do not challenge the statement, "You can't have too much religion," but I will

peek from behind my shield to say, "There can be too much church."

When I was a child, my parents attended church regularly. My mother was a diligent member of the Ladies Aid Society, *but*—and this is an important *but*—the church had not so completely taken over my parents' lives that it in any way interfered with our home.

I do not remember ever having been left at home at night while my parents attended a church function. At night they were home, for the kind of training and example I needed. Alone, I could not have had that example and training, regardless of their whereabouts. After all, I would have been no less alone if my parents had been at a church meeting than if they had gone to the corner saloon.

Cases have come through my court where parents have become so enmeshed in a multitude of commendable church activities (and all the committee meetings incident thereto) that their children *have* suffered from the parents' physical absence from the home.

I suppose it is the old story of







## The Miracle of the Moving Church

HURRICANES are frequent visitors along the North Carolina coast, and the people in the little town of Swan Quarter have endured many big blows and torrential downpours. They stoically accept the rising water and, later, inches-thick mud on their floors as part of the hazardous life along the storm-lashed shore.

When they reminisce after each lashing by the elements, the best-remembered story is the one about "the miracle of the moving church":

Back in 1876, the Methodists of Swan Quarter were trying to raise money for a new church. Progress was slow, but they had faith and prayed for God's intervention.

Then they picked out a choice piece of land, agreeing it was the perfect site for the new church. The young minister approached the wealthy man who owned it and described his flock's hopes. The landowner listened, but there was no convincing him.

"Young man," he snapped, "I respect the purpose of your visit, but I have other plans for that piece of land."

Disappointed but still determined to have their church, the Methodists of Swan Quarter purchased land on a back street. It was not an ideal location, but they built a modest wooden structure on brick pilings.

On the eve of the church's dedication, a storm broke. The wind

shrieked and angry clouds emptied their fury on the village. In the morning, the streets were flooded. By noon the winds were calmer, but the water continued to swirl menacingly.

Then those people brave enough to be out witnessed an amazing event. The little wooden church slowly floated from its brick piling. Edging its way down the street, it headed straight toward the village center as if guided by an unseen hand.

At an intersection, it stopped, then veered sharply. Within minutes, it had settled again—right in the middle of the plot the wealthy landowner had refused to donate to the Methodist congregation!

The young pastor called it "providence." The landowner deemed it a miracle and, that very day, hurried to the office of the register of deeds where he signed over the property to the Methodist church.

Later, the building was dedicated as Providence Methodist Church.

Since 1876, hundreds of storms have thundered about the small town, uprooting trees, ripping off roofs, and smashing fishing vessels. But the little church, now renovated as a memorial church-school building, adjacent to the present church, has weathered every test, as sturdy as the faith of its people.

—RAYMOND J. ROSS

the minister's son who goes wrong because his father has spent so much time ministering to his congregation that the boy grew up as a figurative orphan. We once had such a minister's son in court. He was so bored and lonely that he printed pornographic material on the church mimeograph machine!

The danger of overorganization extends to children. In my day, we went to church school and belonged to the church-sponsored organization for young people, which had an occasional party or an infrequent picnic. But now! In addition to this, many churches have an organized program for young people which is frightening in its scope. A director of youth activities is a "must" to a well-organized church. He is a sort of spiritual adjunct to the community recreation director who is trying desperately to plan your child's life so that the boy or girl will have no time to get into mischief—or make a decision. The church director of youth activities sees to it that if there is any unorganized time left in the life of the young person in his church, the church will fill it.

I am not indicting the whole youth program of the modern church. I recognize the need for organization. I merely suggest that, in some cases, it has been overdone. I sometimes ask parents in my court, "How many nights a week are you actually physically home with your children?" I ask the reader who is interested in this problem to examine his church bulletin. Are the lights on at your church *every* night?

In a speech I have made a number of times, I use the punch line, "If you were home tonight with your children instead of being here listening to me, the world would be a better place in which to live."

A minister walked out of one meeting with me and whispered, "I can't say it in public, but my church is too well organized, too. I'd like to go back to the kind of church they had 50 years ago where the minister didn't have to attend a meeting of some church group every hour on the hour."

I wonder how many other ministers share that sentiment. □





*Shoving off into the Canadian wilds: The MYFers have lunched on hardtack, bologna, and peanut butter.*

The congregation raised the money and remembered them in their prayers.

They found fun, adventure, and a new Christian experience...

## *Where the White Water Runs*

CANADA'S Quetico wilderness area in southern Ontario is 1,720 square miles of magnificent lake and river country, heavily forested with pine, spruce, and aspen. Its series of deep-blue lakes just north of the Minnesota border is a labyrinth of waterways meshed with twisting rivers that rage at the rapids, thunder over granite cliffs, or lie calm at the beaver dams.

Plunging into this area for two weeks last summer was a party of 11, including 7 MYFers, from 340-member Grace Methodist Church, Elgin, Ill. Together, the young people explored 125 miles of superb canoe country. Their trail guide was Michael Lyon, chairman of the church camping committee; their spiritual guide was their pastor, Charles W. Keysor, 38, himself the father of five, who also served as photographer

and emerged from the wilds to describe the trip as "rugged but really rewarding."

"We went through beaver dams, over rapids, through swamps, up rock cliffs. It was sometimes an ordeal for an old gaffer of 38 to keep up with a bunch of tireless, muscular teen-agers. But I made it OK—with a bumper crop of calluses and lots of new muscles.

"Aside from carrying a 70-pound canoe and huge pack, the heaviest burden was the 20 extra years I was carrying. There was a cedar root, too, that followed me everywhere, locating

*Following old portage trails or dry watercourses, the young people covered more than 125 miles of uninhabited wilderness by lake, river, and land.*







*Early explorers and trappers dreaded the unexpected appearance of rapids like these, and many a birch-bark canoe capsized in the treacherous water. The MYFc's, strong swimmers all, attempted to shoot these rapids "just for fun," but only one of their four canoes went through without overturning. With foresight, provisions had been left on dry land.*

itself under my sleeping bag every night!"

The Quetico canoe country begins some 30 miles north of Ely, Minn. The young people embarked in four aluminum canoes, carrying their own provisions, after parking their two station wagons. The only place of habitation they saw in the next two weeks was a ranger's cabin in the area where 200 years ago the French-Canadian *voyageurs* paddled their birch-bark canoes, clearing the portage paths on the water route to Winnipeg.

What would today's young people, fresh from television and automobiles, find in this country beyond the excitement of a new blue lake glimpsed through the trees? What would there be beyond the flaming sunsets, the murmuring pines, the beavers, wild loons, the challenge of rapids?

"The theme of our canoe trip was 'Canoeing With Christ,'" Mr. Keysor said. "We wanted to know how we could put our Christian faith into action while living together in primitive conditions far away from home."

When the trip began, each of the young voyagers was handed a paperback Bible wrapped in waterproof plastic. Each day members of the group were directed to a certain chapter, and 15-minute periods were devoted to reading, meditation, and discussion.

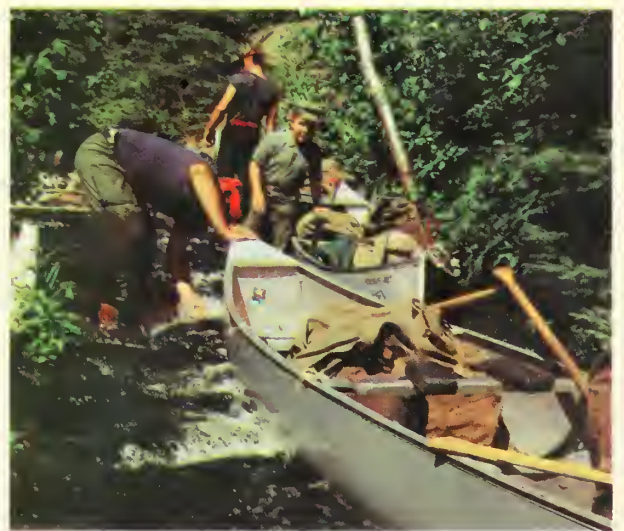
"We saw tolerance and forgiveness emerge when someone's carelessness or awkwardness resulted in an overturned canoe and lost provisions," recalls Mr. Keysor. "Young people who tend to conform in school lost little time





Canoe-bottom "smorgasbord" is served. A typical evening meal included fish, soup, or a macaroni casserole. Once the two girl canoeists whipped up a surprisingly delicious cake.

*Pull through:  
The canoeists naturally  
welcomed the easier  
portages between  
lakes. But short or long,  
winding or straight,  
steep or flat, each  
portage was full of  
expectancy, for  
unexplored regions were  
always ahead of them.*



*Handy man to have  
around: Dave Ackerson,  
senior MYFer and an  
experienced camper, is  
also a champion swimmer.  
He's diving for fresh-  
water clams to fill out the  
camp's bill of fare.*

*Joe Keysor, one of the  
pastor's two sons on the  
trip, was sent to  
gather birch bark for  
the campfire, but pauses  
to study the activity  
of a busy beetle.*





in becoming individualists. Some, for the first time in their lives, were able to be themselves.

"One of the great tests of the Christian faith is how we are able to live and work together in tolerance and understanding.

"I recall one boy, for example. He began the trip as a somewhat withdrawn individual whose outlook was almost hostile. Within a few days he had entered into the spirit of things, taking his full share of responsibility, and showing Christian concern for others.

"Yes, it was fun and it was adventure," says Mr. Keysor. "But that was not the important result of our canoe trip.

"By living together in the wilds, facing daily problems and crises together, we actually were able to put our Christian faith into action."



*Daily devotions: "Youth today is restless and full of nervous energy, a mixture of wisdom and nonsense," observes Mr. Keysor. "We saw their struggles and shared their concerns. Will they be able to cope with adult freedoms that are ahead of them?"*

*Campsites invariably provided excellent swimming places. This is beautiful McEwen Lake, where a typical granite outcropping is the scene of sunbathing and youthful horseplay. Total expenses for the 11-member, two-week canoe trip: \$420.*







# Did Wesley Really Mean Four A.M.?

By *HOWELL A. WATKINS*

Minister, Fluvanna (Texas) Methodist Church

**I**F JOHN WESLEY were around to preach in these modern times, he probably would have at least one favorite sermon exhorting his followers, ministers and laymen alike, to get out of bed and get busy at four o'clock every morning.

History records that the founder of Methodism habitually arose at 4 a.m.—usually after less than seven hours of sleep—and that he instructed his preachers to do the same. But to advocate such habits today—in the age of the bridge club, the late-late show, and eleven o'clock Sunday worship—surely would bring screams of protest.

Yet Wesley had sound reasons

for early rising. This man who could “get along without ignorance” realized the value of having a few quiet hours each day. This time helped him accomplish an amazing amount of reading, writing, and study.

This idea of early rising so intrigued me that I decided to develop the habit myself. Four years ago, like a swimmer who plunges in suddenly because he is afraid the toe-test might change his mind, I started following John Wesley's example. Now I am addicted to early rising, and I understand why many famous people recommend it.

Aristotle, the leading thinker of



ancient Greece, was an early advocate of sleeping less and rising early. He suggested that a man should sleep but six hours, a woman no more than seven, and that only a fool would sleep eight hours. Thomas A. Edison, it is said, slept only four hours each night, but nobody kept a record of his daytime catnaps on the cot in his laboratory. And we are told that King Frederick the Great and poet Johann von Goethe slept only five hours each night.

Wesley's contemporary, lawyer-author James Boswell, advised that every young man should rise early if he wanted to get anywhere. But Boswell himself consistently slept until noon.

Anyone can accomplish far more than he now does by rising at 4 a.m. Reducing the number of sleep hours is only one way to get up at four

o'clock in the morning. Another is to go to bed earlier and on a regular schedule.

### Set Your Own Goals

You will need a purpose, such as the desire to accomplish something for which you do not now have time. Set your goals, and plan what you intend to do with your extra time.

What do you need to accomplish? Do you need to prepare a speech, brief a case, study a medical report, balance the books, write your congressman, or just gain more reading time? Possibly you can do all this and more by rising early and spending uninterrupted early-morning hours at the task.

Look at your bookshelves. How many books do you intend to read? In the quiet morning you will be surprised at both the volume of

reading you can do and your comprehension of what you read when no "cowboys" are chasing "Indians" through your "bivouac."

Wesley exhorted his Methodists to rise early for study and devotion. I have found this the greatest benefit from rising early. The heavens declare the glory of God in the early morning beauty of star-sprinkled skies. To be awake and alone at this hour of the morning is to invite the company of God.

Socrates said the unexamined life is not worth living. Self-examination at the beginning of the day is easy. Deep self-examination will encourage self-improvement. This can help you find a depth in devotion, meditation, prayer, and study that is not possible during daylight hours when telephones, doorbells, and household traffic interrupt your work.



## Why John Wesley Never Got Tired

NOBODY ever caught John Wesley lying around late in bed. It was against his rules. Two centuries before isothermic exercises and the 50-mile hike, the wiry Wesley had his own physical-fitness program, and a cardinal point was rising at four in the morning.

He called preaching at 5 a.m. the healthiest exercise in the world, and he did plenty of it. Wesley preached more sermons, rode more miles, worked more hours, printed more books, and influenced more lives than any other Englishman of his age. But he never got tired.

Traveling 4,000 miles a year gave Wesley all the exercise and fresh air he needed. Rising early to gain time gave him incentive to get to

bed at night. He claimed he never lost a night's sleep in his life.

Through experiment, the circuit-riding preacher determined that he needed only 6½ hours of sleep. Tired of lying awake at night, he wrote in his diary, "I procured an alarum, which waked me the next morning at seven . . . yet I lay awake again at night. The second morning I rose at six, but notwithstanding this I lay awake. . . . The third morning I rose at five, but nevertheless I lay awake. . . . The fourth morning I rose at four (as by the grace of God I have done ever since) and I lay awake no more."

Too much sleep weakens the body to diseases and blunts the

imagination, Wesley declared. Take exactly as much sleep as nature requires, he counseled, and no more.

Wesley gave up leisure in 1726, but he was a man who seemingly never hurried. The reason: "I never undertake any more work than I can go through with perfect calmness of spirit," he wrote in his *Journal*.

Steady discipline and inflexible temperance were Wesley's constant companions throughout his 88 years, spanning most of the 19th century. For him, early to rise meant early to bed the night before.

When your hour of retirement comes, he said, go to bed. Leave the most agreeable companions or lay aside the most pressing business until morning.

And get up on time, despite headaches or drowsiness. A catnap later is permissible if drowsiness persists, but do not break the schedule by lying in bed longer than your appointed hour—ever.

At age 83, Wesley wondered at his own ability never to tire of preaching, writing, or traveling. Part of his secret was rising at four in the morning.

—NEWMAN S. CRYER, JR.



### A Time for Devotions

The more you have to do in daylight hours, the less you are likely to find time for devotion, self-improvement, and planning. The habit of early rising can help you. Once the habit is established, you will have a fresher mind to apply to problems. And you can plan for more effective use of the day.

Doctors warn that tension from unsolved problems can lead to ill health. Early rising will help solve tension-causing problems. I have not found early rising bad for my health. But if I am up late the night before and stay in bed until after seven, I feel terrible all day.

The habit of getting up early can gain 15 to 30 hours a week in which you can accomplish more. It may not be easy, but it can be done.

Before you start, be sure that you are physically up to the task. A serious health problem should be discussed with your doctor before trying such a routine. Not everyone is physically capable of early rising—do not feel disgraced if you aren't.

### Why Stay Up?

Take an objective look at what you do each evening, for early rising will depend largely on what time you can get to bed. Do you attend meetings? If so, can you do anything to see that the order of business is carried through rapidly and efficiently? When a meeting is over, do you go home or while away time in aimless conversation? When you get home, do you go to bed—or dawdle away valuable time?

Staying up late can become a habit, too. How long do you watch television? Is what you are watching as beneficial as what you could accomplish in tomorrow's early morning hours?

Make adjustments in your time of rising to correlate with your time of retiring. Once you get in the habit, rising early becomes progressively easier. Once you become adjusted to waking at a certain time, you will usually wake up without an alarm.

Do you feel you must spend evenings with your family because "it's the only time I have to be with them"? Spend a day off with them

instead. If you cannot get to bed by nine o'clock on two or three evenings each week, you are involved too much in our over-organized society and need to reduce your activity. Above all, do not rely on drugs to help you get to sleep, except on doctor's orders. Try reading.

It is possible that you can learn to do with a little less sleep. Most of us can. Recent sleep studies indicate that most people can reduce their sleep to seven hours with no ill effects, and you can soon find whether you can do it or not.

### How to Start

Start by setting your alarm 15 minutes ahead. After a week or two, if you are adjusted to it, repeat the process until you find the minimum time you can sleep and still keep mind and body in the best working condition. Or you may want to plunge into it all at once, as I did, and set your alarm for four o'clock the first morning.

Either way, when the alarm goes off, do not spend 20 or 30 minutes in bed stretching and dozing in an effort to wake up gradually. Just get up. Do your stretching and dozing while you put on your clothes and plug in the coffee pot.

Remember that vacation, that weekend trip, or that special occasion? You got up at four o'clock that morning and did not suffer from it. The thought probably pained you more than the deed. So get up every morning with something planned that will require you to wake up and concentrate.

Not many callers will interrupt between four and seven in the morning. I have had only one caller before 6 a.m. in more than two years. If you need a time free from distractions of the day, you can find it in the early morning.

Once a friend coming home late saw the light in my study at an early morning hour. Later he asked, "Up late last night, weren't you?"

"No," I answered, "just up early."

If you try early rising and succeed, you can glance at the lazy sun in its majestic beauty, a few hours after you have risen, and say, "Good morning, John Wesley. Thank you for suggesting another fine heartwarming experience!" □



"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"

—JOHN WESLEY

A sign on the lawn of a church in Baltimore reads:

"You are welcome to park on the grass at the Church only if you drive your car across your own lawn once a week."

—MRS. DAISY HAINES, Westford, Pa.

The following anecdote is taken from *Some Glimpses of Early American Methodism—III* in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of March 5, 1913.

Unexpected mishaps befell the preachers of that day as well as now. Occasionally a preacher will forget his text. A preacher on one occasion was in that trying plight and, turning to a brother near by, asked what it was. The brother named the text, and he went on and finished his discourse.

Bishop Whatcoat once got into a similar difficulty. He could not recall the text and said: "I have talked so long that some of you have forgotten the text." He did not hint that he was in the same dilemma.

"Never mind," said the bishop, "I'll take another," and he did, and from it preached a sermon that was long remembered by those who heard it.

—GEORGE C. WILDING

Getting acquainted with a new church-school class, I asked each child how many brothers and sisters he had. When I came to young Carl, he replied with a shy smile, "I don't have any sisters or brothers, Miss Kitty. I guess that makes me a bachelor!"

—MRS. W. S. WARREN, Birmingham, Ala.

If you've heard a new joke about a minister, and our editors chuckle at it, you'll be \$5 richer. That's what we pay for humor used in *The Wicked Flea*. Sorry—contributions not purchased cannot be returned; do not send stamps.—EDS.





*Crescent-adorned mosque, Malaya.*

# Methodist Missions in Muslim Lands

By *EDWIN H. MAYNARD*  
Editor, *The Methodist Story*

WITH DOZENS of countries open to the Christian missionaries and granting them every freedom, many Methodists wonder what in the world our missionaries are doing in Muhammadan lands, where Christianity is not welcomed and often is openly opposed.

There are plenty of other places to work. Primitive tribes still send out emissaries asking for Christian help. Our major embarrassment in some places is lack of resources. The annual conference in Sarawak publicly has pleaded this embarrassment. Much of Africa south of the vast Sahara is open to the Christian mission, although the situation there is fluid.

By contrast, in Muslim North Africa, our missionaries have labored 50 years to produce a church of less than 300 members. In Muslim lands, we find an impermeability, as one authority has called it. With promising opportunities on many sides, why do we continue to beat our heads against this particular wall?

## Life Based on a 'System'

It is characteristic of Muslim countries that society is highly structured. It all revolves around The Book—which of course is their Koran. Much of life depends upon the system, and the Christian is outside it. To the Muslim, a missionary is one who tries to get people to break away from the system.

To understand Islam adequately, you must keep in mind that it is a huge religious, social, and cultural system, according to Dr. Hendrik Kraemer, Dutch lay theologian who is a long and careful student of Islam. As he says in his book *World Cultures and World Religions* (Westminster Press, \$6.50), Islam as a religion "is the system's soul and basis, its unifying principle."

Dr. Kraemer explains, "The system is, therefore, infused by a total religious motivation and regimentation of life in all its sectors, professing to be based on revelation as contained in the Koran. . . . The system found its definite form in the 11th century and is, therefore, a truly medieval structure."

Whenever a Muslim country is self-governing, there is invariably an official link between religion and state. Islam as a system helps to explain the tight cohesiveness of Muslim society and the resentment that is vented against the Christian convert.

Intolerance of other religions is an official position of the Islamic faith, and it usually is an official position of the state. Laws forbidding conversion to another religion are common. Extreme social pressures are applied against the convert, including disinheritance, ostracism, and even physical abuse. The age of Christian martyrs is not past.

Muslim society is built on a "high" religion. Here is no primitive animism, ready to fall of its own weight. This is a monotheistic religion without idols, not even statuary, and a readiness to challenge what Muslims see as the polytheism of the Christian Trinity.

Islam is an ethical and moral religion with laws that are strict and clear. The zealous Muslim stands ready to challenge the "low" moral standards of Christianity and to detect hypocrisy.

The Muslim is convinced that his religion is superior and can prove it to his own satisfaction in debate. Who needs the Christians around?

## Motives for Missions

This calls for a clear understanding as to why The Methodist Church sends missions to Muslim lands and what we hope to accomplish. Just being too stubborn to quit is not enough. Our motive must be deeper than that of the Chicago Cubs fans who, according to one sports columnist, "like to torture themselves."

The Christian's first and obvious motive comes from the Great Commission. Jesus sent his disciples unto *all* the world, and surely the lands of the crescent are part of it. These lands embrace a population of nearly 400 million.

The minority Christian communities in these countries, faced with the pressures of an unsympathetic society, need the support and encouragement of fellow Christians. This is true in a country like Pakistan, where the Christians already were living when the Islamic state



was set up, as well as in Egypt and Tunisia, where there are remnant communities from the time when these were Christian lands. Unless such minorities have contact with active Christian cultures outside, they tend toward introspection and sterility.

Another reason for missions to Muslims is Christianity's concern for persons. Despite Islam's vaunted ethics, the challenge to illiteracy, ignorance, and disease has come most often through Christian missions. The ideas of general education, democracy, and equality of the sexes, all are based on the New Testament.

"Islam has traditionally been a man's world," comments the Rev. Roland W. Scott, once a missionary and now on the staff of the World Council of Churches. "But in Pakistan today, women are making increasing attempts to change this concept and to shed the veil and all its implications of darkness, ignorance, and degradation. The decisiveness of this time is mirrored in the determination of parents that their children, both girls and boys, must receive an education."

The Methodist Church works in five areas that are officially Muslim or have strong Muhammadan influence. They are North Africa, Indonesia, Malaysia, India, and Pakistan.

#### North Africa: Secret Witness

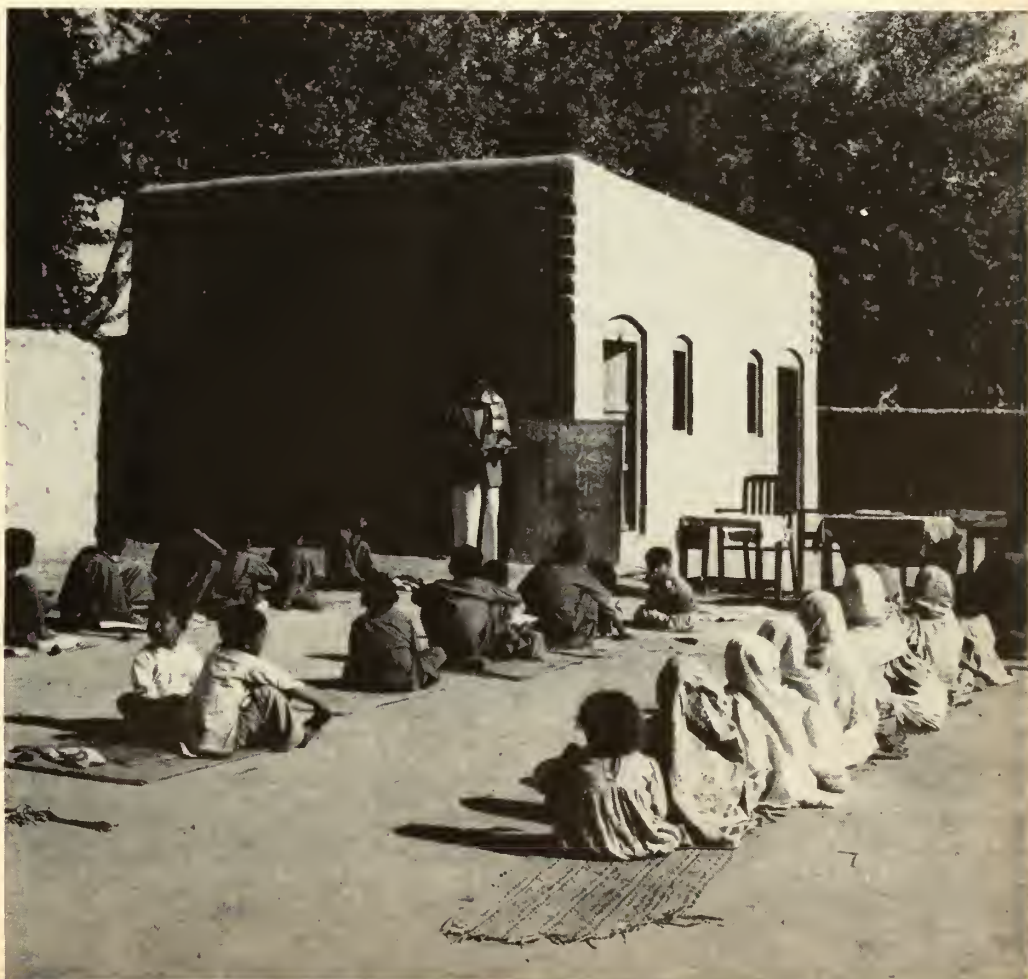
North African work is in Algeria and Tunisia, where the Methodist mission took root in 1908. There are a dozen orphanages and other institutions of social service and a few scattered congregations. Direct evangelism there is difficult, tedious, and discouraging.

Along with nearly 300 open Methodist members in North Africa, however, there are secret followers. Dr. Scott indicates that "in Tunisia alone we have several hundred people who count themselves as Christians—though in secret—because they have been brought up in our hostels for boys and girls."

Independence is changing some patterns in Algeria, but our people are still welcome. At three outpost missions (closed since 1959) in the mountains of Great Kabylia,



*Women sit on mats in their section for Sunday-morning worship (above) in Stuntzabad Methodist Church. Although not shown, men outnumber women. Most families are Christian in this hub village of West Pakistan. A schoolmaster in winter holds classes outdoors (below) as students bask in the sun's warmth, leaving their unheated school building in Chak (village) No. 86-75 empty.*





## OUR MISSION IN FIVE MUSLIM AREAS

Of the 1,489 foreign missionaries The Methodist Church has deployed around the earth, nearly one third are in five areas where Islam is the dominant religion or runs a close second (as to Hinduism in India). Christianity in every case is a minority religion. The figures in this chart are only approximate, because of changing situations, but together they give a good comparative picture of the Methodist mission in these Muslim lands.

	Missionaries	Ordained Ministers	Organized Churches	Full and Prep. Members	Institutions
Algeria and Tunisia	33	2	7	280	12
Sumatra	17	19	31	22,109	34
Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak	112	100	361	58,038	55
India and Nepal	206	582	372	580,000	230
Pakistan	61	36	23	55,000	25



*The newest Methodist congregation in India's capital, New Delhi, worships in Centenary Church, dedicated in 1960. It is one of four main churches, all self-supporting. Nearby, in contrast with the modern Christian structure, is a Muslim tomb, mute reminder of India's past.*

where new Algerian government forces have been in conflict with Berber tribesmen, three missionary couples and two nurses again are at work. One missionary, the Rev. Lester E. Griffith, reports, "Literally hundreds of families are being aided by our staff throughout the three regions."

### Indonesia: Many Religions

Indonesia, though officially Muslim, is host to many other religions and prides itself on its tolerance. Dr. F. Leimena, a Christian, has been one of the most prominent men in the government. As minister of distribution and deputy to the first minister, he stands fourth in President Sukarno's hierarchy. Government attitudes are officially favorable to Christian institutions and to distribution of their Scriptures. The Christian minority is one of the largest in Asia, around 5 percent.

At the same time, Christian workers of Indonesia find difficulties—sometimes at the hands of the general public, other times from petty government officials with discretionary power in implementing the official position.

Without doubt there has been reaction to the intermittent rebellion of the Sumatran Batak tribes against the present government. They are the most Christianized of any identifiable group in Indonesia, and it is among the Bataks that The Methodist Church has its greatest strength. The work was started there in 1904.

Education is under careful government control, but church-related schools are allowed. There seem to be no particular restrictions directed against Christian teachers. There is little place for missionaries in lower education, but this reflects a nationalistic rather than an anti-Christian mood.

### Malaysia: Scattered

Malaya, seat of power for the Federation of Malaysia, is mixed, racially and culturally. The Malays, solidly Muslim, hold a bare majority and control the government. The Chinese constitute a large minority, and there is a small but substantial Tamil bloc, descendants of immigrants from India.





*Students eye a nice catch on playground of the Methodist Boys School in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya.*

With its beginnings in 1887, the Methodist Church in Malaya, some 25,000 members strong, is found almost entirely among Chinese and Tamils. Conversion from Islam is possible, but only on the improbable condition that the *imam* (interpreter of the law) of the convert's home mosque gives consent in the matter.

Such contacts as Christianity makes with Malay Muslims are secret or, more likely, indirect. Printed material, particularly the Bible, can be distributed. At one time Christian radio broadcasts were available to any who cared to hear, but that door of communication has been closed.

Christian missionaries can enter Malaya easily and are quite free to work among Chinese and Tamils. But in the field of education, for 75 years the long suit of Methodist missions there, religious teaching is not permitted.

Financial support of the church schools now is largely in government hands, and administrative control is passing rapidly to the

government. The indirect influence of the Christian teacher may be increasingly difficult to maintain.

The situation in Singapore, which is now a part of the Malaysian Federation, is similar to that in Malaya, but the decisive Chinese majority (nearly 75 percent) dilutes Muslim influence and has left Christian missionaries quite free to work without interference.

#### **India: Oldest Mission**

While partition of India in 1947 created the separate nation of Pakistan, ostensibly for Islamic people, millions of Muslims continue to reside within the boundaries of Hindu India.

The Methodist Church, whose first missionaries were there as early as 1856, works in two strongly Muslim areas. One is Andhra Pradesh, once the domain of the fabulous Muslim ruler, the Nizam of Hyderabad, and the other is in the north of India. In all India there are 11 conferences with 580,000 members.

Indian law and public policy grow out of the dominant Hindu



*Missionary doctor, Edgar Miller, checks report on a ward patient in United Christian Mission's Shanta Bhawan Hospital in Kathmandu, Nepal.*



culture, but Islamic social customs and attitudes prevail in the strongly Muslim regions. The law guarantees freedom to change one's religion, but open evangelism by non-Indians is frowned upon.

#### Pakistan: Muslim Control

Pakistan's 93 million people make it the largest Muslim nation (just ahead of Indonesia). Established as a nation for the express purpose of making an Islamic homeland for Muslims of old India, it takes the form of a theocracy.

The law of the Koran forms the basis of the civil code, and Muhammad's teachings govern customs, including such matters as dress. After independence, Pakistanis pulled down all statuary in public places. Pakistan's name means "the holy country," and the new capital is called Islamabad, "city of Islam."

The 732,000 Christians (55,000 Methodists) are mostly small farmers or displaced agricultural laborers in Pakistan, not by choice, but by the accident of boundary-drawing. Their social and economic opportunities are circumscribed. They live under a minority complex.

While the Christian movement in Pakistan often seems overwhelmed by Islamic culture, there are surprising opportunities. The government protects the rights of Christians to preach and to teach. Government departments, such as education and agriculture, are cooperative with foreign missions. Entrance for missionaries is easier than to India.

Pakistan today is a young nation, not yet certain which way it will go. Its leaders desperately want to build a progressive modern state, and they want it to be a democracy. The implications of koranic law and Muslim customs with respect to these aims have not been faced fully.

Christians, meanwhile, are able to make a contribution to the development of the country. This opportunity could continue indefinitely, or it could terminate abruptly. But a veteran missionary reports, "I believe that the Christian position in Pakistan is better than it was formerly."

The most sensitive point for mis-

sions in Pakistan at the moment is schools. Though forbidden to require attendance at chapel or instruction, Christians have been allowed to worship and to offer teaching on a voluntary basis—even for Muslim pupils whose parents consent.

Now, however, the government requires all schools to teach Islam. Methodist schools have installed a course in *Islamiyat* (history of Islamic culture), hoping that this may be accepted as meeting the requirement. If it should be demanded that they teach Islamic religion, battle lines will be drawn for a real struggle over the schools.

#### Hopeful Signs—And Problems

Despite current problems, Methodist Bishop Clement D. Rockey boasts of his adopted land that it is the only Islamic country where teaching religion and baptizing converts are permitted openly. Bishop Rockey, who has had a lifetime of experience in the Urdu-speaking regions of India and West Pakistan, presides over the two Methodist annual conferences in the country. He retires at the Pakistan Central Conference this year. The church has asked for autonomy by 1965 to elect its own bishop, and permission was granted, along with four other lands, at the 1964 General Conference in Pittsburgh.

Bishop Rockey sees the greatest opportunity for Christianity among Pakistan's former outcasts. Now is a time of rapid change in Muslim culture. Women are coming out of purdah (seclusion from the public), people are learning to read, and the government is trying for industrialization.

"So far as the church is concerned, our greatest problem is leadership," says Bishop Rockey. "Most of our Urdu-speaking ministers were left on the India side of the border with partition, and they did not come over. We have had to build a new ministry, but we are making way at it."

Three major problems plague mission work in all Muslim countries. First is strong social pressures against Christians, and especially converts. Second is legal restrictions on missionaries and evangelism. And third is tightening gov-

ernment control of all the mission schools.

The problems of Christian evangelism are summarized by Dr. Eugene L. Smith, general secretary of the Methodist Division of World Missions, in his book *God's Mission—And Ours* (Abingdon Press, \$3.25):

"The historic advances of Christianity have always come in encounter with inadequate or disintegrating cultures. The mass movements have developed among the culturally dispossessed. Among the high-caste Hindus, the convinced Muslims, the cultured Confucianists, the devout Buddhists . . . conversions are matters of individual action, the exception rather than the rule."

Granting this, a visitor to these Muslim lands comes away wanting to share the guarded optimism of Dr. Scott, who says, "These are lands of decision. Those who work there are convinced that this part of the world can be won for Christ."

If it is to be won, those fighting the battle must know their own faith so well as to match arguments point for point, in the intellectual debates so beloved by Muslims in trains or planes, at the post office or bazaar. They must have the skill and patience to make their witness by deed more than word, and to wait a long time for seed to bear fruit.

To quote again Dr. Smith, "The missionary whose basic confidence is in the value of the technical skills with which he is equipped faces, today, a spiritual crisis. He will not long continue his missionary service unless he is truly able to say with Paul: 'The Gospel which was preached by me is not man's Gospel . . . it came through a revelation of Jesus Christ.'"

God can make abundant use of the Methodist mission to Muslim lands. Our missionaries can go without apology or embarrassment, knowing that their success will not be in wholesale conversions, but confident that their quiet influence might have surprising power in the long run. We must send missionaries to the Muslims because the Gospel's concern for persons would not permit it any other way. □



*Here's fair warning  
to younger generations:  
Those spritely oldsters may not  
need your anxious concern.*

# They're Still Young When They're Old

By EDITH M. STERN



GROWING OLD does not necessarily involve the physical and mental decline that we usually associate with it.

This startling fact was brought out by a study<sup>1</sup> published recently by the National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH). Examining 47 men ranging in age from 65 to 91, researchers found no significant difference in status between them and men in a control group averaging 50 years younger. After studying 600 physical, mental, and emotional characteristics, the investigators concluded that time, when disentangled from disease, has almost no deteriorating effects.

"But, even if an old person is granted only relatively good health," Dr. James L. Birren, chief of the NIMH Section on Aging, told me, "he can remain mentally and emotionally vital, like our subjects, by developing a sound philosophy of aging and maintaining interests in people, ideas, and pursuits."

Most previous studies of the aged were made of small groups of ail-

ing, incompetent, or impoverished residents of institutions. The NIMH decided to study the healthy aged.

The National Institute of Mental Health had at its Bethesda, Md., Clinical Center a control group of healthy young men. For the study, 47 men were chosen from among 125 who responded to a call for volunteers issued through the Home for the Jewish Aged in Philadelphia, with the help of newspapers. The only requirement was that all be free of chronic diseases or psychoses.

"I didn't think men their age could be *that* healthy," exclaimed Dr. Leslic L. Libow, an internist. The elderly men's blood pressures, blood counts, urinalyses, cholesterol counts, electrocardiograms, and metabolism tests came out just about the same as those of the younger control group. This was true also of recording electrical circuits of the brain, flow of blood to the brain, breathing capacity, and blood chemistry.

The research project was in two stages, the first between June, 1955, and December, 1957. In the initial tests, the subjects were studied two

at a time for a period of two weeks. The subjects resided in a hotel-like section of the Clinical Center. Nurses took notes on what the men said and did in their living quarters; psychiatrists, psychologists, and sociologists questioned them about their reactions. The staff was astounded by the interest, enthusiasm, and sustaining power of the test group as a whole and by their general lack of irritability or confusion under such scrutiny.

Some of the tests were ordeals. Amazingly, the aged came through these as well as did the younger men, sometimes scoring higher. One test called for making sense out of different tape recordings played simultaneously into each ear. Another was a delayed feedback, in which the subject hears his own voice after he has spoken and while he is saying something else. "I took it myself once," said 35-year-old psychiatrist Robert N. Butler, project director. "It's torture."

Probably the most unpleasant test, in which needles were inserted in several parts of the body for a half hour, determined cerebral blood flow, cerebral blood pressure,

<sup>1</sup> Human Aging: A Biological and Behavioral Study (U.S. Government Printing Office).—Eds.



and how much oxygen was consumed by the brain.

In verbal tests, the elderly subjects did better than the young controls, although the former averaged only 9½ years formal education, whereas all the latter had attended college. This was taken as evidence that time increases, rather than diminishes, one's vocabulary and comprehension of words.

Nearly all said that their memory was not so good as it used to be. But Thomas McFadden cultivated his memory. Once he had owned his own business, and when he retired he took a job as a guard at a factory gate. At 70, he decided to work indoors, and was engaged as a bellhop at an exclusive club. At 73, he was promoted to desk clerk.

"You don't always like to be asking, 'What's your name?'" Mr. McFadden told me. "So I made it my business to know who was who, and after a while I could identify about 400 members. In fact, my memory is better than it ever was." He was nearly 77 when I talked with him.

Meeting others not long ago, I found it hard to believe their ages. They were erect. Their faces—ruddy, tanned, or pink—were unwrinkled, except for little creases at the corners of the eyes indicating a sense of humor. Their hands were without brown spots or knotty joints. Their voices were firm and their gait sure and unshuffling.

A number said they were busier in retirement than before—too busy, several reported, to bother with golden-age clubs! Some had such active pursuits as hiking, gymnastics, swimming (one had learned to swim when he was 63). Others were absorbed in avocations such as gardening and woodworking; setting up reading programs; devoting considerable time to church work. Several had part-time or free-lance jobs. Nearly all of the 31 living with their wives in their own homes and 7 others in their children's homes did a large share of the home-making. Besides maintenance and repairs, they cleaned, cooked, laundered, and ran errands. Many baby-sat, chauffeured, and entertained grandchildren—with pride and pleasure in being useful.

When time came for the follow-up tests after five years, the researchers

wondered how many of the subjects might have deteriorated. Most returned. Only one refused: he said he had "been through enough." A 96-year-old was in Florida and another had to nurse an ailing wife. Not one was in a nursing home or mental hospital.

Eight had died, most of cancer or heart disease, one of arteriosclerosis. Relatives reported none had become senile. Mortality had no correlation with age: the average age of the living, 76, tallied with that of the first study, 71. But all those who died had been chronic smokers.

THE subjects' appearance had hardly changed in the five years. Some had embarked on new activities. Two had started writing memoirs. An engineer had just been elected to membership in a club having the highest professional qualifications. One had left a daughter's home to become office manager of a sister's business in Michigan. Another, 72, attended Spanish and typewriting classes because he had "a business venture in mind for which they will be useful." A number either had stepped up volunteer work or had gone into it for the first time—visiting hospital patients or ringing doorbells for political candidates.

Follow-up findings on two of the subjects showed that neither physicians nor families should jump to conclusions of deterioration just because a person is old. In the first round, it had been noted that each had faint indications of failing memory, attention, coherence, and responsiveness which are characteristic of senility. In the second round, both were much improved.

One, Russian-born, probably had been misdiagnosed because of language difficulties. The other actually was more alert than he had been five years before, when he had been depressed by his wife's illness.

As a whole the follow-up tests revealed no downward trend physiologically. In the psychological tests, some men scored better than before, others less well. Generally, results were inconclusive. Socially, more had expanded than constricted, having increased the

number of personal contacts and the complexity of their activities.

What does this research mean for the rest of us?

We can be like the elderly men who accepted normal changes coming with advanced age, but who remained in control of their situation. We should keep in contact with other people, for the research highlighted that meaningful relationships with people warm the lives of individuals who age most successfully.

We can use our influence to keep society from jettisoning useful persons just because they have reached a certain chronological age. Nearly all the subjects were bitter about being treated as though discarded.

Throughout our lives, we can look zestfully to the future, as does Mr. McFadden, who told me: "Some of these days I'm going to retire and see different places."

Whatever our age or physical condition, we can strive for the magnificent realism of those men. Dr. Butler suggested, for example, that I ask them about death.

"Have you lost many friends?" I nice-Nellied to Jacob Augustyn, then past 75. "You mean by death?" he challenged sharply. I nodded. "Naturally, at my age," he said calmly. "When the end comes, that's it." To the same question, 72-year-old Edward Schlesinger answered, "As you get older you take death as a phase of life, like birth. It's his turn now, my turn next. All people with wisdom know that life is very brief."

"The death of friends," said Mr. McFadden, "is a matter of fact. As you grow older, they drop off. I'll be the next one, maybe."

These were men who had come to terms with life, accepting it and mastering it.

No longer need anyone fear growing old. This research has ruled out time as a prime mainer of body, mind, and spirit. It has proved that many adverse traits and conditions previously attributed to age are not really a part of it, and that so long as the elderly are free of disease, maintain meaningful relationships with friends and family, use their leisure constructively, and retain healthy attitudes, they stay young. □



*A Methodist layman for 79 of his 96 years, Dr. Hunt is author, educator, and historian. In 1954, he was named Mr. California for his many services to his home state. He now lives in Calistoga.*



## 'Live Right, Love Everybody'

By ROCKWELL D. HUNT

FOR MANY YEARS, especially since I've passed the 90 mark, I've been hearing the same question: "What's your formula for longevity?" I can give the answer in four short words:

"Live right, love everybody."

Originally, I gave that advice lightly in answer to a middle-aged lady's query. But in my 97th year, I recognize it as a better formula than I had realized. As I've thought about it, I have sized it up this way:

1. *Live right.* One of my greatest blessings has been good health. In the decade 1950-59, I remained indoors all day only once. I have had an annual—now semiannual—checkup by my physician. One of the first principles of right living is appropriate physical exercise. I have found walking pleasurable. Seldom do I walk less than a mile and a half each morning. Before retiring I do simple limbering-up exercises.

I am fortunate in not having a food problem. I find simple food, with light condiments, best. I do not require three hearty meals a day. My maxim is: moderation in all good

things. All my life I have been a total abstainer from alcohol and tobacco. I believe drink is one of our greatest enemies and smoking one of the most harmful practices.

I have retired three times, each time from something to something else. It has never been an invitation to inactivity. There is always an urge to fruitful endeavor. I have found that my own zest for living is conducive to good health and added years. What a mistake for a person retiring in good health, under 70, to give himself up to idleness, without profession, creative hobby, physical activity, everything! On the other hand, to switch to something new and congenial is invigorating.

Nobody is living right if he has contented himself to sag and droop when he might be up and doing.

2. *Love everybody.* According to Dr. Francis Wayland, onetime president of Brown University, the whole moral law is contained in the single word "love." Obviously the word means something different when referring to one's attitude toward different people.

The antithesis of love is hate. But to harbor hatred is to administer poison to my spirit. A spirit of bitterness is likely to have a far more harmful effect upon the one who harbors it than upon the object of his hatred. I entertain no spirit of bitterness toward any human being, not primarily to benefit myself, but for sound moral reasons.

My feeling toward others is not merely negative. I not only refrain from hate and bitterness, but in the spirit of true democracy and sound morality, I am motivated by good will toward all. In other words, I love everybody.

I recognize this is not always easy. But that should not be a deterrent. No more powerful incentive to right living has ever been found than sincere religious conviction.

If you would have length of days, "Live right, love everybody." That's what Robert Bridges was saying in his *Hymn of Nature*:

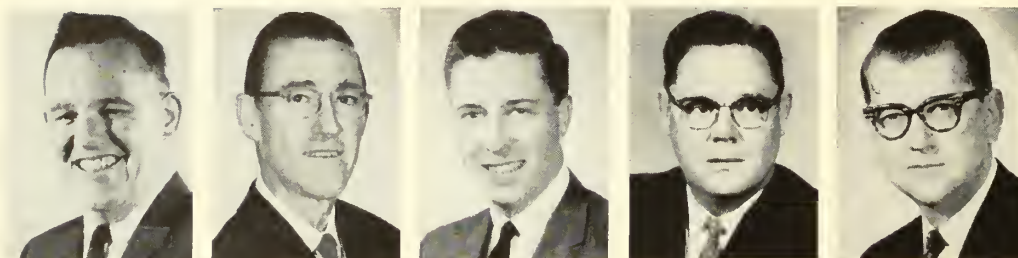
*Live thou thy life beneath the making sun*

*Till Beauty, Truth, and Love in thee are one.* □



# Light Unto My Path

Weekly Meditations by Ministers on the International Sunday School Lessons



Willis F. Summers Fairview, W.Va. George B. Culbreth Greensboro, N.C. Kendall W. Cowing Ann Arbor, Mich. Ross E. Whetstone N. Syracuse, N.Y. Oral D. Van Horn Kansas City, Mo.

AUGUST 2

*"And to love him with all your heart, all your understanding, and all your strength, and to love your neighbour as yourself—that is far more than any burnt offerings or sacrifices."*—Mark 12:33 (NEB)

AT THE conclusion of a prayer in which a father asked God's blessing upon the whole world, his little daughter turned to him and asked, "Daddy, does that include Mr. Jones?" Taken somewhat aback, the father reddened and assured his daughter that he had included every-

one. How easy to "serve God" with lip service! Millions today do just that. The true test comes when we are in contact with the unlovely neighbor. Our actual rejection of this commandment has far-reaching effects upon our world today.

The task, then, is difficult, but the solution rests with our love of God. How we believe about God determines our actions toward our fellowman. It is our responsibility to give God the whole of our hearts and the whole of our intelligence. This means a growing fellowship and understanding toward God, ourselves, and our neighbor.

Christianity is not a tranquilizer. It means involvement and action. Let us remember that we are individuals and are responsible as such.

Our first responsibility to love is toward those about us. Do we actually love our neighbor as ourselves? How

do we express our sincere concern for others? Are we by our attitudes and actions seeking to include our neighbor in fellowship with God?

It was in Jesus that the Scribe saw the fullness of God's grace and truth. This verse of Scripture (Mark 12:33) from the New English Bible is his positive response to God's love given through Christ unto all mankind. Should Christianity actually be put into practice, it would spread like sunlight over a dark and unstable world. The concern which we feel for ourselves and our families would then spread to our neighbor and encircle the world.

**Prayer:** Our Father, whose love surrounds each of us at all times, so fill our hearts with thy love and understanding that all mankind may be drawn unto thee. Amen.

—WILLIS F. SUMMERS

AUGUST 9

*O come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord, our maker.*—Psalms 95:6

ONCE I had the privilege of sharing a week of pre-Easter services with the girls and faculty of Allen High School, one of our Methodist schools for Negroes located in Asheville, N.C.

Each day the student body participated willingly and happily in chapel services. On the last morning, we celebrated the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The Scripture was

read. Prayers were said. Then a lone girl stepped from the student body and walked down the aisle to the improvised altar. There she knelt. With eyes closed and face lifted toward the cross, she began to sing, unaccompanied, in a soft, rich, soprano voice:

*Let us break bread together on our knees . . . / Let us drink wine together on our knees . . . / Let us praise God together on our knees . . . / When I fall on my knees, / With my face to the rising sun, / O Lord, have mercy upon me.*

When she finished, it was only natural for all of us to kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

It is natural for us to worship when God's presence is real to us, when we recognize that he is at the center of all that lives, when we realize that we are dependent upon his constancy for the daily needs of the physical life, and when we come to know that our souls are managed by his love.

When we hear his voice speaking to us through the challenge of the Christ, the judgment of history, today's tensions of right with wrong, the prophetic utterances of Christian pulpits, then we know that God is indeed sovereign God, and we try to make our lives consistent with our worship and our worship consistent with our lives.

**Prayer:** O God, let us respond to the invitation to come, to kneel, to bow down, to worship. Amen.

—GEORGE B. CULBRETH



*Be strong, and let your heart take courage, all you who wait for the Lord!—Psalms 32:24*

A WOMAN once attended an exhibition of the works of the artist Joseph Turner, where his famous picture *Grand Canal* was being shown. The woman looked at the picture for a long time and then said to the artist:

"Mr. Turner, I've been to Venice often and I've seen the Grand Canal many times, but I've never seen the colors you see."

The artist replied, "Ah, madam, but don't you wish you could?"

The colors were there, but she needed the eyes of the artist to see them!

The same truth applies to each of us as we go blindly through life, facing problems and crises, one after another, wondering, "When do I get some help from my faith? Where does God come into all this?"

The answer is that God is there all the time seeking to help us, trying to reach through to us, but we need the eyes of faith to see and to understand.

This truth is illustrated in the experience of Jacob as he fled from the wrath of his brother and from his own conscience, plagued by guilt feelings because of the wrong he had done. Then, in the midst of a barren lonely spot, he lay down to rest; and there came to him a vision of a ladder from earth to heaven, with angels ascending and descending. And God, standing above the ladder, said: "Behold I am with you and will keep you wherever you go."

This is a contemporary word—to us, today!

We are to be assured that God speaks these words to us, and we, like Jacob, may declare through the witness of our faith, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I did not know it!"

So be strong, and let your heart take courage, all you who wait for the Lord!

**Prayer:** Our Father God, reassure us of thy constant presence and concern and help us to respond in love and obedience to thy will. Amen.

—KENDALL W. COWING

## AUGUST 23

*Take heed lest your heart be deceived, and you turn aside and serve other gods and worship them.—Deuteronomy 11:16*

I WAS telling a new friend, a professor from Lincoln University, of my experience during the previous night. A skunk had spent considerable time nosing around my campsite and

had refused to leave in spite of anything I could do short of that which would move him to defensive action.

"You can't scare a skunk," my friend said. "You can't scare a skunk, *because he knows who he is.*"

The phrase stuck with me. "He knows who he is." While it is something less than certain that the little animal does know who he is, it is also sure that many persons do not have a very good idea of who they are.

Our Scripture verse, while directed to an ancient people, carries a universal, timeless message. We are to take heed to *ourselves*, that we be not deceived. The result of self-deception becomes the worshiping of strange gods. The order of the two actions is significant, one follows the other.

Modern man is more preoccupied with the projection of an image than with the discovery of his true identity. Deciding what he wants to be, he pretends that is what he is. Pretending not to be mortal, he turns aside and worships the false gods of materialism, orienting his life around that which must change, decay, and die. Declar-

**O**ne doesn't become  
a saint overnight  
any more than one  
becomes 75 years  
old overnight. . . .  
It takes time.

F. Gerald Ensley  
Bishop, Iowa Area

ing that mankind has "come of age," he renounces the need for a dependent relationship to God.

The affirmation of independence from God and fellowman is as old as man's sin. It speaks not of maturity, but of the rebellion of adolescence or senility. It destroys significant interpersonal relationship, erodes away meaning and purpose, and sets the individual adrift.

A precondition of genuine worship of the God of creation and redemptive love is the understanding that we are creatures of this world, but also

of eternity, and that we can be released from finitude and meaninglessness only in dependent relationship to an infinite and purposeful God.

**Prayer:** Forgive us, O Lord, for our crafting of idols to support our false notions of who we are. Give us an understanding of ourselves as thy children, and grace to serve and worship thee in all the fleeting moments of this life. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

—ROSS E. WHETSTONE

## AUGUST 30

*And the people said unto Joshua, The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.—Joshua 24:24 (KJV)*

CHOICES have always been rather frustrating for me. I recall as a child living on the farm, which meant that my trips to town were few. When the opportunity came, I knew that there would be at least a few cents to spend for candy of my choice.

These choices were sometimes difficult, because there were limits. With only a few cents, I could purchase only a few pieces of candy. This was frustrating, since my desires were greater than my resources, but I had to choose what I would purchase.

Joshua had warned the Israelites that they could not stand before God and hold on to their sins. As a result, here we have their reaffirmation of their choice of God, and their covenant that bound them solemnly to the service of their God.

The real tragedy of life is that we make wrong choices, and our choices in life determine what we are. All must choose a master of life. We may choose God. It has been well said by someone: "We have not the liberty to choose whether we will serve or not; all the liberty we have is to choose our master."

In spiritual choices we flirt, but we do not wed; we pay courteous attention to spiritual matters, but we do not choose; we will hear the matter, but we will not risk a stand. We must make God the Lord of life.

There are few things in the world which could not be set right, if we are willing to serve and obey God. One cannot stand idle who has heard the voice of God with an obedient heart. To obey God means service.

**Prayer:** O Lord, I commit myself to thee without reservation. Cleanse my soul from sin and make me conscious of the smallest service which I can render today. Amen.

—ORAL D. VAN HORN





# Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

IN NEARLY every church, there is a man who is convinced that there is a realm where religion should not function. Such men are very sensitive to the political or secular field, and they presume that here is something beyond the concern of either the minister or the church. These men are the burrs on the saddle of the Methodist preacher. They want him to preach the "simple Gospel" and to concern himself only with "bringing people to Christ." If they had their way, The Methodist Church would make no pronouncement on anything except virtue in general.

While better off than many denominations, we Methodists have had our share of this point of view in recent days. I am amazed at the number of people who are against any further change in the American economic system. It is surprising to note a presidential candidate seriously suggesting the elimination of social gains made during the last 60 years. We have created an atmosphere in which some arrogant church members crusade against any concern the church may show for the physical conditions of life.

None of this can be found in the Bible, of course, and none of it is apparent in the ministry of our Lord. The Bible deals with everything from the sanitary preparation of food to the most profound ethical consideration. Jesus dealt with all classes and conditions of men; and, if there was any human condition which he thought outside his notice, there is no indication of it in the Gospels. Wherever there was a man facing the problems of living, Jesus was deeply interested.

I was thinking of this the other day as I read the novel *CONVENTION* by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II (*Harper & Row*, \$4.95). This is the story of a political convention which, according to some of these brethren, neither the church nor Christians ought to admit exists. Yet at this convention, men and women have to face moral problems while the candidates have to choose between ethical behavior and a desire to win.

There is no place within the bounds

of human experience where man is not faced constantly with the command, "Choose ye this day." And so, as I read the book, it seemed to me that a church member who wants to draw a line between his religious life and the world had better think again.

This is a good novel; it held my attention right to the end. I could hardly wait to get back to the story each time I was interrupted.

It is a Republican convention, and it is held in Chicago. The leading candidate is a member of the President's cabinet and, as the convention opens, he appears a sure winner. But he makes a political mistake by bringing in the issue of disarmament. He dares to suggest that money is being wasted in building up military reserves. This is the opening the opposition needs. Men dependent upon the defense industry decide to throw their support to another candidate.

What follows is the manipulation by certain principleless delegates to bring pressure upon his backers to desert the front-running candidate. There is all the drama of a good old Western as the bad guys seem to move toward an inevitable victory.

But there is more virtue in these men and women than we sometimes assume. Many have a sense of right and wrong. Many resent the subtle kind of blackmail that is being practiced. From across the country there arises a great desire to cut the waste spending and put the money into something more productive. A young woman begins a writing campaign, and the delegates are flooded with mail. The book portrays a fundamental moral awareness in people such as Allen Drury in his *Advise and Consent* pictured in the U.S. Senate.

The novel has an ending as exciting as a photo finish at the racetrack. I shall not reveal it, but I shall tell you I liked the book very much. It is particularly appropriate in an election year. Finally, let no one say that, when a man moves over into the political realm, he has entered a place where the Christian faith cannot follow.

William Temple, the late archbishop of Canterbury, once said that nine tenths of the work of the church

is done by men and women outside its walls at work in the world. The church is not a political institution, but it is made up of people who have to make political decisions and upon whose integrity rests the hope of the nation.

I shall mention but one other book this month, another first-rate novel. It is *THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL* by John Cheever (*Harper & Row*, \$4.95). Some of you probably read *The Wapshot Chronicle* and, if so, you will be prepared to follow this family through another stage of its life. John Cheever is a fine novelist, and his books have much more than a contemporary interest. His people have depth and reality, and in this Wapshot family we find all sorts and conditions of men.

Here again is the old lady so eccentric and yet so admirable. Here are the two brothers and their families doing the best they can yet having such difficult times. Here are scandal and marital betrayal.

What impressed me most in this book was the way terrible things could be related as if they were quite ordinary. Tragedies happen, accidents take place—but it is all told in such a restrained style that shock comes only when you realize the horrible events are not commonplace.

I must say something that I have said before: I do wish there was some way to break through to modern novelists with the good news that there is a better life and that there are spiritual resources for living which people can find. Too often the impression is left that this emptiness is the way it is, and nothing can be done about it. If only they would go to church or hear a sermon with the trumpets ringing!

The tragedy which we see reflected in modern fiction is inevitable because of the way the people live. But the Gospel says there is a more excellent way. I suppose that we are not getting the word across to the people. We need to pray for forgiveness for our inadequacy. But let no Christian ever doubt the relevancy of his faith for our day. □



# Looks at NEW Books

**B**ISHOP Otto Dibelius is one of the giants of modern Protestantism—a leader of the Protestant stand against Adolf Hitler, participant in forming the Confessing Church, Evangelical bishop of Berlin and Brandenburg who picked up the fragments from the devastation of World War II, chairman for the translation of the Bible into modern German, chairman of the Council of the Evangelical Church in Germany in the critical period of solidification of once-splinter elements, Christianity's greatest champion against the Russian Red overlords in East Germany, a president of the World Council of Churches from 1954 to 1961.

*In the Service of the Lord* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$5.50) is the autobiography of his ministry. So disarming it is in its simplicity that you finish it with the feeling that he has been talking only with you. Yet the complex man it reveals is a many-sided genius fully dedicated to the Christian cause.

I was particularly taken by his discussion of teaching. Here, I told myself, is a born teacher. Then he began to discuss preaching, and I caught some of the excitement that catches him when he is in the pulpit. But above all, he is an administrator and a diplomat, and in these roles he has contributed mightily not only to the church in Germany but to all Christendom.

What is truth? If you remember the poem about the blind men and the elephant you will know that your understanding of it depends on what portion has been revealed to you.

Lorna Balian has simplified John Godfrey Saxe's original poem, seasoned it with humor, and illustrated it with wry drawings to produce a little book titled *An Elephant?* (Abingdon, \$1.35).

You will find it in the children's section at your bookstore, but in its wisdom and its wit it is truly a book for all the family.

Alan Moorehead, who has lit up the dark continent of Africa for many a reader, turns to his native Australia for the story of the men who first crossed the interior of the Australian continent a hundred years ago.

*Cooper's Creek* (Harper & Row, \$5.95) gives us a land of immense horizons, vast deserts of rose-red sand, and silent bush where antediluvian

animals hopped instead of walked, and giant birds never flew. The men who set out amidst cheers and flag-waving to traverse Australia from south to north endured grueling hardships, achieved their objective, and then found themselves unable to get back. Only one man survived.

Moorehead tells the grim story well. You can feel the awesome silence of the desert and the muffled heat of the tropical north.

Many people travel to Japan. Few get to know the Japanese people. One who has is the English writer, Nina Epton, who wrote to the editor of the *Asahi Evening News* and asked if any Japanese families would accept her as their guest in return for English conversation lessons. So many would that she spent three months as a visitor in homes ranging from a modern Tokyo apartment to a Buddhist temple.

*Seaweed for Breakfast* (Dodd, Mead, \$4) is her highly informative account of her experiences and the people she grew to know as companions and friends. It is touched with the charm of cherry blossoms, the conflict of Western and traditional ideas, and the energy and good-humor of the Japanese themselves.

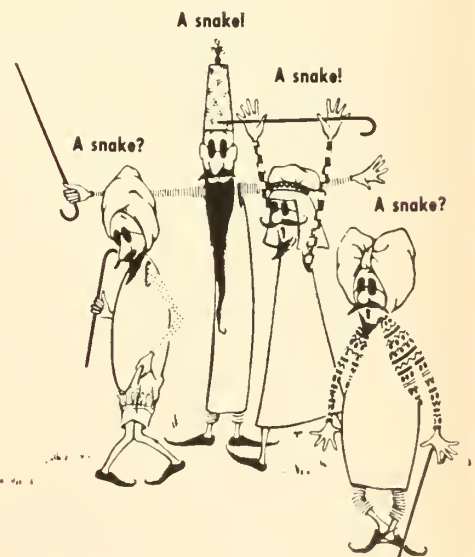
She gives considerable space to religion, both the ancient temples and the new sects. Of Soka Gakkai, which founds its beliefs on the tenets of a 13th century dissident Buddhist monk, she writes that it "is the only one of

the many so-called 'new religions' in Japan to have grown into a major political force. . . . It is anybody's guess whether it will eventually turn to fascism or communism, but the alarming fact is that Soka Gakkai is gaining adherents at the rate of 400,000 new families a year. . . . It looks very much as though Soka Gakkai provides for the youth of the nineteen sixties the only outlet (there is no army, nor any definite national ideology) for the firm discipline, military unquestioning obedience, and shock tactics which appeal to the unthinking Japanese masses."

Trying to analyze why Christianity has not gained more headway in Japan, she observes that the Japanese "prefer a vague religious 'atmosphere' induced by natural surroundings and they have not been able to assimilate the Christian ambience conveyed by an ugly alien architecture that does not fit snugly into their landscape as shrines and temples do." But she quotes a young Japanese girl as saying: "There is tenderness in Christianity. There is none of that in our religions—it does not seem to be Japanese. But we are learning."

Roy L. Smith was born in a battered tarpaper shack during a howling Kansas blizzard. Eighteen years later he stood by the kitchen stove and told his mother he wanted to be a minister. It was then he discovered that his father had dedicated him to the ministry on the night of his birth,

The third came near the animal  
And, happening to take  
The squirming trunk within his hands,  
He soon began to quake:  
"I see," squeaked he, "the Elephant  
Is very like a snake!"



*An elephant? It can be different things to different people.*



and that from that time on his parents had prayed together that he might be called to preach.

So, obviously, he never had a chance to do anything else, and the world is the richer for those prayers. Whether doing his preaching in the pulpit, as the editor of the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*, or as a contributor to *The International Lesson Annual* and to *TOGETHER*, he was an eloquent minister. It was fitting that when death came to him last year, it came as he was preparing to fill a preaching engagement.

Those who were fortunate enough to be in his congregations will probably find some familiar stories in *Tales I Have Told Twice* (Abingdon, \$2.25). If so, the charm of the book will be enhanced. But you do not have to have known Dr. Smith to find a powerful appeal in these personal experiences that are sometimes humorous, sometimes poignant, always warm with faith and a lively interest in humanity. If, after reading his book, you do want to know him better, I suggest you find your June copy of *TOGETHER* and read Bishop T. Otto Nall's memories of him on page 33. The story is followed by a color pictorial that shares pictures Dr. Smith himself took in the course of worldwide travels.

In *The Humor of Christ* (Harper & Row, \$2.50), Elton Trueblood shows that many of Jesus' teachings are either incomprehensible or indefensible if they are taken seriously, but are crystal clear if they are understood humorously. Distinguished scholars who fail to realize this have sometimes made strained interpretations that can hardly be convincing to themselves or others.

Dr. Trueblood began thinking along these lines years ago when his eldest son was four years old: "We were reading to him from the seventh chapter of Matthew's Gospel, feeling very serious, when suddenly the little boy began to laugh. He laughed because he saw how preposterous it would be for a man to be so deeply concerned about a speck in another person's eye, that he was unconscious of the fact his own eye had a beam in it. Because the child understood perfectly that the human eye is not large enough to have a beam in it, the very idea struck him as ludicrous."

For those who are surprised or shocked that Jesus could ever have spoken except in grave seriousness, Dr. Trueblood points out: "Any alleged Christianity which fails to express itself in gaiety, at some point, is clearly spurious. The Christian is gay, not because he is blind to injustice and suffering, but because he is convinced that these, in the light of the

divine sovereignty, are never ultimate."

Accustomed to seeing the dry fine print in contracts and insurance policies, I was surprised to see a sparkling insight into the whys and wherefores of vital court decisions in a small paperback by George R. LaNoue. Probably the most succinct discussion of federal aid to education, its title, unfortunately, is unappealing: *Public Funds for Parochial Schools?* (National Council of Churches, 50¢).

LaNoue starts by citing the intent of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison in initiating the First Amendment to the Constitution. Next, he points out the basic differences between public and parochial schools. He offers evidence that textbooks for parochial schools—even in science, mathematics, and languages—have been adapted to teach religious concepts. Finally, he shows that the clergy's is the authoritative voice in Roman Catholic educational policies.

*Public Funds for Parochial Schools?* is not anti-Catholic. It cites the hazards for parochial schools in federal aid to education. It also gives a pat to shared-time religious instruction, which would lift much of the financial burden of parochial schools off the parents.

However, LaNoue deplores subterfuges being employed in efforts to get tax money for parochial schools, and sniping at public schools.

More reading for Protestants concerned about church and state separation is *Studies in Church-State Relations: The American Way*, available from Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State, 1633 Massachusetts Ave., N.W.,

Washington 6, D.C. (\$1, decreasing prices for quantity orders). This paperback is presented in study outline form for use in POAU chapters, churches, schools, clubs, lodges, and voluntary study groups of all kinds.

Its chief concern is with religious freedom and the constitutional principle of separation of church and state which guarantees it. At the end of each chapter, there are questions and a capsule summary. And at the close of the study is a rather extensive bibliography.

The limitless power of priest and politician in Mexico when Benito Juárez was born made it all but impossible for a peasant to gain an education.

An orphan at 3, the future liberator of Mexico ran away to Oaxaca at 12 to become apprenticed to a bookbinder of a religious order. Though education was reserved for the "better people," he gained enough enlightenment to become a teacher and to rise in the political world. He was to curb the immense power of the Roman Catholic Church, destroy an empire and execute its emperor, and become largely responsible for his country's modern school system.

Nine days spent in jail for trying to defend people against excessive claims of a priest led to his effort to free Mexico from religious dictatorship.

Yet Juárez was a devout Catholic, and he never left the church, contrary to some who even today persist in branding him as a greedy dictator and destroyer of religious values. It is much to his credit that the schools today may pursue any kind of truth, regardless of what effect it may have on institution or vested interest.

■ ■ ■

*Summer & Shower*

Staccato-sharp, the needed liberal shower  
Repeats its welcome thrust upon the pane;  
The trees are dimmed in outline but their swirl  
Is seen with each succeeding gust of rain.  
The hills are hidden, yet the stacks of hay  
Resemble them—each one a gray-toned mass;  
The birds are chattering beneath the caves  
In social gossip, until clouds shall pass.  
The empty ditches swallow rain in gulps  
And sunbaked fields drink in a generous share.  
Inside, the farmer thanks the God of showers  
And contemplates the harvest from his chair.

—CLARICE FOSTER BOOTH

■ ■ ■



Such is the image of the man given in *Viva Juarez!* (Lippincott, \$7.95)—an account of one of the greatest dramas the world has known. Author Charles Allen Smart comments that a thorough job of scholarship on Juárez would “cost less than one rocket destroyed in flight” and be immensely more useful.

Going to college is a complex matter these days.

Once it is decided that Johnny or Jeanie wants to go, and has the capacity to meet the intellectual and social demands college will impose, planning starts in the junior year in high school. Discussions with school counselors come first, then much college catalog reading, visits to likely campuses, endless discussions with friends, and a hopeful consideration of the family budget. Then Johnny or Jeanie applies to several colleges—and waits breathlessly to see if any of them will accept the application.

A helpful guide through this maze is *College Bound* (Barron's Educational Series, \$3.95, cloth; \$1.98, paper) by Samuel C. Brownstein. This new, third revised edition explains the entire process of college admission from application to acceptance, traces life in college from freshman orientation to graduation, gives hints on how to succeed in college studies, and gives specific advice on the qualifications and educational requirements for 133 careers.

Readers of *TOGETHER* know that Charles M. Schulz understands teenagers just as profoundly as he does the famous small fry who inhabit his nationally syndicated *Peanuts* comic strip. Each month a Schulz cartoon in *Teens Together* gives us a chance to chuckle over the doings of his gangly youths and serious-minded maidens.

Now these serious, striving, lively, and lovable young folks are the subject of Schulz' third paperbound collection of cartoons about teen-agers. It is titled *What Was Bugging Ol' Pharaoh?* (Warner, \$1).

Here are the future pillars of the church, fumbling with the problems life is constantly throwing at them. They take up sports: “. . . fortunately, the salvation of my soul doesn't depend upon my getting a strike!” They contribute their service to the church: “I'll bet the churches at Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamum, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea never heard of crabgrass!” [See *Teens Together*, July, page 48.] They confront technology: “Somehow, singing choruses around an electric barbecue never seems to do much for me!” And they face the future: “I'm not interested in becoming real educated, Dad . . . I just want to be like the average

adult and feel that I know all the answers.”

You will laugh over them, and you will be profoundly grateful for people like them.

When I was a youngster in Sunday school (yes, I know it is called church school now), I was not taught very much about Christian symbols. I am glad Bonnie and Tommy Barnabas have learned that they are more, very much more, than mere artistic decorations for the sanctuary.

Michael Daves, minister of the First Methodist Church at Holliday, Texas, apparently agrees with me that people do not know enough about symbolism. He has written a series of 47 *Meditations on Early Christian Symbols* (Abingdon, \$2.75) in devotional form.

The book is for anyone who reads devotional material, but I think teachers will find it particularly helpful in interpreting symbols to their students.

Michael Daves, by the way, is not a stranger to *TOGETHER*. His most recent article was *They're a Pyroceramic Family*, in October, 1961 [page 64]. On ceramics as a hobby, it gives you an idea of his versatility as a writer.

It is regrettable that Isaac Deutscher's story of the twilight of Leon Trotsky is not easy reading. *The Prophet Outcast* (Oxford, \$9.50) gives a clear picture of how minds function among the powers behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains.

Trotsky, founder of the Red Army, was the real key to the Bolshevik victory in October, 1917. In the power scramble following Lenin's death, he was outmaneuvered by Joseph Stalin. Not daring to execute Lenin's boon companion, Stalin managed to deport him in 1929, when this last of a biographical trilogy begins.

Trotsky, the master dialectician and historian, guessed woefully wrong about the inevitability of world revolution. He was, however, the originator of the united fronts against nazism. In August, 1940, he was the victim of a real hatchet-man who invaded his home in Mexico. Even now, 24 years later, the assassin's true identity has not been established, but he is believed to have been a Spaniard, Ramon Mercador.

“Our American freedoms stem from our Protestant faith and are crucial to freedom in today's world” is the thesis upon which Wilmette, Ill., Methodist Minister Charles M. Crowe has written *In This Free Land* (Abingdon, \$4).

The book speaks for what Dr. Crowe terms the “responsible conservative” position on such matters as support of the United Nations, the

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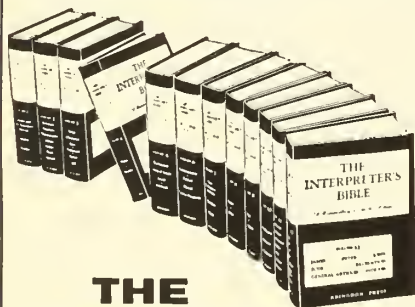


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welfare state, the Roman Catholic Church, communism in the Protestant church, civil rights, and communist subversion. This position, generally, is right of center.

Back when people depended on manual toil for their living, the reformers saw perils in idleness, so they set up Christian precepts about work. Now leisure threatens to replace work as the basis of our culture, and Christian stewardship applies to both.

As stimulating as a lilting walk in brisk air, Robert Lee's discussion of *Religion and Leisure in America* (Abingdon, \$4.50) maintains that leisure can be no less virtuous than labor. His thesis is that all time is a gift from God, to be used for a full life.

Professor of Christian social ethics and director of the Institute of Ethics and Society at San Francisco Theology Seminary, Dr. Lee has been the director of the Leisure Time Witness Study Committee of the National Council of Churches. Research furnished by this committee forms the background for his book.

He advocates play for children at every age. The child who has both physical and emotional health has developed spiritually as well, he points out, while the teen-ager who has been accustomed to being told what to do will be unable to make clear ethical decisions.

Free time, Dr. Lee reminds the reader, is not synonymous with leisure. Free time contains the pitfall of boredom. And boredom leads to a sense of life's meaninglessness. Dr. Lee believes that much delinquency is a protest against this nothingness. Similarly, the despair of the aged is due in part to idle free time.

God means for us to enjoy life abundantly in terms of rich experiences, mutual help, and sacrifice, says Dr. Lee. And since killing time—wasting leisure—means ultimately denying God, we should not fill it with small activities.

"If you are a fifth or sixth-grader, you have already spent about 9,500 hours of your life in school, sitting across from teachers and teachers and more teachers. This means you are a 'pupil.' Is this enough? Are you still just a 'pupil,' or do you think that you can call yourself a 'student'?"

Thus do Ruth Krawitz and Lawrence S. Finkel begin a sprightly, practical book on *How to Study* (Oceana, \$2.50). I wish I had had some tips like theirs when I was in school.

The name Hiroshima is uttered in awe, but the death toll of the atom bombing of that Japanese city was only half as stupendous as that in Dresden, Germany, when two waves

of British bombers and one of American swept over it February 13-14, 1945. In Hiroshima 71,379 people perished; in Dresden, 135,000.

These grisly statistics are brought out by David Irving, an Englishman, in *The Destruction of Dresden* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$4.95). The book has significance for all concerned with Christian principles. It is a picture of what would be in store for all people in the event of full-scale war.

Irving's thesis is that Dresden, one of Europe's most beautiful cities before World War II, was "virtually an undefended city." He points out that the few military targets in the Dresden area emerged largely unscathed and production in industrial plants was restored promptly.

He believes one reason for the ruthless destruction was a panic-decision to make an Allied showing in the face of the unanticipated Russian advance. He insists that Britain's primary war aim was to destroy German civilian morale.

Where was the Luftwaffe? Herman Göering, No. 2 Nazi, undoubtedly deceived everyone—maybe even deluded himself—in boasting of German air might. And Joseph Goebbels, propaganda minister, was largely to blame for the ghastly carnage in the fire storms. The misinformation he fed the people, and the perils he withheld, caused thousands to be trapped.

It is an appalling story. However, the reader should bear in mind, while he deplors the wanton killing of children, women, the aged, and hospital patients, that this is what war leads to. As British Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby says in his introduction: "What is immoral is war itself."

Small fry not yet big enough to read will love to look at the pictures as you read aloud to them from *Puppy Dog Tales* (Random House, \$1.95). Dale Maxey has done the colorful drawings of cuddly looking pups, and Nita Jonas has selected three good dog stories and added simple instructions in rhyme on the care of canine pets.

The respect and love you give your children is the very basis of the strength and fortitude they will need for a wholesome, useful adult life, says James L. Hymes, Jr., in *The Child Under Six* (Prentice-Hall, \$5.95).

Dr. Hymes, the father of three children and a past-president of the National Association for Nursery Education, has written an informal, down-to-earth book that is a happy blend of old-fashioned common sense and up-to-date professional advice.

—BARNABAS





*Reunions are an annual high spot for families Dr. and Mrs. Brown (front row, left center) have helped.*

*On both sides of the Atlantic, a Texas minister is known as . . .*

## The Stork in a Clerical Collar

**A** CARTOON which appeared in German newspapers showed a stork, resplendent in a clerical collar, flying the Atlantic with a baby tucked cozily into an egg crate.

It was a tribute to Dr. Lawrence K. Brown, Methodist district superintendent at San Angelo, Texas, who, with the help of Mrs. Brown and their own children, has brought 113 children to this country for

adoption and has prepared the way for 31 others.

But the cartoonist underrated Dr. Brown's efforts. On one trip he played nursemaid to not just one but seven children—including five babies, six weeks to five months old, who traveled securely in sturdy German egg crates protectively lined with plastic and cushioned with miniature mattresses.

The Brown family's international delivery service began in 1952 when Dr. Brown was an exchange pastor in London. The Texas minister and his wife visited Mannheim, Germany, and, appalled by the plight of homeless boys and girls, they began thinking of all the people back home who desperately wanted adoptable children. They knew some of the problems, for they had





*Dr. Brown greets Sally Schwartz as her dad, a faculty member at the University of Texas, watches fondly. At center is Paul Gorres, German social worker who had arrived with more children.*

two sons of their own and a daughter adopted in Texas when she was two weeks old.

The mayor of Mannheim was eager to help. He knew adoption by U.S. couples would mean a new life of hope for the children. Also, he had a particularly soft spot for Dr. Brown, who had been pastor of several Texas Methodist churches that had sent tons of food and clothing to German congregations after World War II. Among those helped was the future mayor.

While red tape was being unwound, the Browns came back to Texas. Late in 1952, the two little girls arrived and were welcomed into families in Lockhart. That was the start. Now, 12 years later, their efforts have transformed the lives of 142 other youngsters—as well as the families they have joined.

The Browns particularly remember the expressionless little two-year-old who had been abandoned by her mother. Lack of love and security had left deep emotional scars, and when the German social worker who had brought her to foster parents in the United States told Dr. Brown that the child showed no emotion whatever, that she appeared to be mentally slow, and that she had a crooked neck, he raced for a telephone.

Almost before he could inquire how the child was, the foster mother said joyfully, "Oh, Dr. Brown, you have given us the most wonderful baby in the world. She is beautiful and so happy!"

"Happy?" he asked.

Overhearing his question, the social worker said disbelievingly, "Impossible!" Dr. Brown handed



*Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dibrell of San Antonio stand by as Dr. Brown baptizes Ingrid, their first daughter among three adopted children.*

her the phone to listen to the little girl singing. "This is a miracle!" the startled woman exclaimed.

"It *was* a miracle," says Dr. Brown. "The child was happy because she knew at once when she was placed in her new parents' arms that she was loved." Now, he adds, she has grown to be a bright child with no physical deformity.

Dr. Brown's greatest thrill was watching the development of a brother and sister who were 9 and 11 years old when he brought them to the U.S. in 1958. An early report almost dissuaded him from going to get the youngsters. It was said they were not even toilet trained. Then a German social-worker friend of Dr. Brown's made his own investigation of the institution where the children were living. He reported it the worst he had seen, and said the children's behavior reflected a desire for attention.

The prospective parents decided to take the risk and they developed a model family life. The children not only stand at the top of their classes, but are keeping the family together after their adoptive mother's death.

The process of bringing children to the United States is a long and complicated one that has become



more difficult since the Browns started their project. People who are interested, Dr. Brown advises, should not write to him but should seek first the approval of their state or local child welfare agency. These agencies will assist families in contacting one of the national organizations authorized by the federal government to handle overseas adoptions. One of these, International Social Service in New York, has working arrangements with the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief. Further inquiries also may be addressed to the Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes, 1200 Davis St., Evanston, Ill. 60201.

Each year the Browns plan a reunion for all the families that are within traveling distance. "It's a great experience for all of us," Dr. Brown says, "to see how happy the parents and children are."

As the pictures on these pages show, among the happiest are the Browns themselves. Their second daughter, 15-year-old Carolyn, is one of the children shepherded to the United States in 1954. □



*Michael (fourth from left) was adopted when the three other children in the Carroll Lane family of Houston asked for a brother. Most of the children adjust quickly to their new homes.*

*Sandy Swift (left) and John Lesesne were among seven children brought to America in 1955 during one of Dr. Brown's many trips abroad. Besides personally transporting 113 from Germany, he has helped arrange adoption for 31 others, including 3 from Greece and 1 from Korea.*







*"Surely, Kumar, the potter, knew someone Babban could work for! Raju jumped on Babban's back shouting, 'Hi-ya! Go along now!'"*

## a place for BABBAN

A Together with the Small Fry Story by Vera Turpin Borsky

BABBAN was a gentle animal—not cross like some water buffalo. For as long as Raju could remember, they had been friends, working together in his father's rice fields in their beloved land of India.

But now another buffalo was coming to take Babban's place. Raju's father told him about it as they ate their breakfast *chapati*.

"It is because Babban is old now, and weary," his father explained. "Soon the rains will come, and it will be rice-planting time again. We will need a strong animal to pull the wooden plow across the fields."

Deep inside, Raju knew his father

was right. He also knew they could not feed two big, hungry, water buffalo.

"But, Father, wh-what will happen to Babban?"

"We must find a new home for him," his father said kindly. "A good place where the work will be easy."

Yet where could Babban go? All the buffalo Raju knew worked hard, plowing fields or pulling heavy carts to market.

Raju's heart was anxious as he ran out into the morning sun. Through the bamboo gate he sped, and down a crooked path to the pond.

This pond was Babban's favorite place. He was in it now, soaking, with

only his long curved horns and the tip of his nose showing above the muddy water.

"Babban! Oh, Babban!" Raju called. Promptly the buffalo lifted his great head, then slowly rose to his feet and waded toward Raju. Making a low sound of welcome, he licked the boy's face.

"How muddy you are, Big One!" exclaimed Raju, and laughed. He found a stick and began scraping the mud from Babban's sides.

It reminded him of the soft, wet earth his friend Kumar, the potter, used to make bowls and water jars.

Suddenly Raju had an idea. Kumar,



who lived in the nearby village, knew many, many people. They came from far and near to buy his earthen dishes. Surely, Kumar knew someone Babban could work for!

In one jump, Raju was on Babban's broad back, and shouting, "Hi-ya! Go along now!"

Clippity-clop! Clippity-clop! After his mud bath, Babban felt good. Through the fields they went, past straw-roofed farmhouses, then up onto the narrow, dusty road. The road followed a winding river all the way to Kumar's house at the edge of the village.

"Ah, Raju! Good morning!" Kumar looked up from his work and smiled a welcome. With his white *dhoti* pulled high above his knees, he was tramping a great load of red clay with his bare feet. "It must be soft," he explained, "and very smooth."

Kumar looked tired, for he had been at work since sunup carrying basket loads of clay from the river.

"Let me help," offered Raju, and slid off Babban's back.

At first it was fun. The wet clay oozed through his toes and squished around his ankles. But after a while,

it began to get stiffer, and felt heavy and cold. Raju's feet moved slower and slower. Just as he was wondering how much longer it would take, something nudged his shoulder. It was Babban.

Like all water buffalo, Babban dearly loved soft wet earth. Snorting and bobbing his horns, he followed Raju and Kumar around the pile of clay. When they stopped to rest, he went on trampling by himself. His feet were so big and heavy that Kumar soon called out: "Enough!"

With a slap-pat, Kumar caught up a handful of clay and tossed it onto his potter's wheel. Whir-r! His feet sent the wheel spinning. At the same time, he molded and shaped the clay with his hands into a round, deep bowl.

"It is such smooth, soft clay!" exclaimed Kumar, and his dark face broke into a broad grin. "It has been worked much better than I could do it myself. Raju, I thank your buffalo."

At that moment Raju remembered why they had come. Quickly he told Kumar, and asked if the potter knew of anyone who might have work for Babban in exchange for food and mud baths in a pond.

"He is a good buffalo," Raju said, "and willing to work, even though he can no longer pull heavy plows or carts." Kumar listened carefully. "Small Friend," he said when Raju had finished, "how would you like Babban to live here with me? He can help me by trampling the clay every morning. Then I would not get so tired. I would have time to make more bowls and jars, and I would make more money so I could buy him food."

Kumar did not have a pond, but there was the river—long, wide, and very muddy. "And you, Raju, could see Babban every day, if you wish."

"Babban!" cried Raju happily. "Did you hear?"

Being a buffalo, Babban did not understand the words. But he heard the happiness in Raju's voice. He made soft, contented sounds of his own, then off he clopped to the river. He had willingly worked. Now it was time to fold his legs and sink down into the cool, restful water.

Raju thanked Kumar, and ran toward his own straw-roofed house. He could hardly wait to tell his father that Babban had a new home—a very good home. □

## Doll Hammock

FOR these lazy August days, how would you like to make a doll hammock? It's easy. You need only a colorful dishcloth and some twine.

Make the "ropes" at each end of the hammock by cutting two pieces of twine 15-inches long.

Starting one inch from the edge of the short end of the cloth, thread a piece of twine in and out, stopping one inch from the other edge.

Then cut four pieces of twine, each four inches long. Tie one end of these

short pieces to the stitches you have sewn in the cloth, making sure they are evenly spaced. Next, knot the four short pieces and two ends of the long twine all together (making a fan-shape), leaving the longest end hang loose.

Do the same thing on the other end of the dishcloth, and your hammock is ready.

Tie it up somewhere safe, put dolly in, and let her rock gently, just as you would if you were she.

—RUTH EVERDING LIBBEY



## STAR FACES

Last year, when I was very small,  
If Mother washed my face, I'd cry—  
Until one day we watched a cloud  
Unfold across the sunset sky.

This was, she said, Sky-Mother's way  
Of cleaning earth-dust from the blue,  
So when she finished we might see  
Her bright star-children smiling through.

Since then, while Mother does my face,  
I think how clean star-children are.  
So I behave and never cry,  
But just keep smiling, like a star.

—HELEN FAULKNER





# Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

**Y**OU ARE unique. Never before has there been a person with your particular combination of abilities and traits. There never will be again. Do you want to make good use of your potentialities? You can, if you try. Here are several suggestions:

Start by taking a long look at yourself. Check your flaws. Are you too fat or too thin? Are you too shy or too noisy? Do you have too low an estimate of your own worth or too high? When it comes to overcoming your physical weaknesses, your family doctor can be of great help. Go to him. For other problems, go to a qualified counselor. Probably you have one available at school. Or better still, your minister may be trained in counseling. Many ministers are.

Next, take an inventory of your successes. Find the worthwhile activities in which you can excel. Maybe you can be a star reporter for your school paper. Perhaps you can take the lead in school plays. Or are you good at sports? Find your talents and exploit them. Have fun doing the things you do best. When it comes to

personal development, nothing succeeds like legitimate, hard-earned success.

Also, you must learn to guide and control yourself. You have many impulses: some are good; some are bad. At your age, you are inclined to act first and think second. You must learn to think first. You cannot do this overnight, but you can learn if you keep trying.

Eventually, you will be able to use your talents effectively, exercise good judgment, and keep your weaknesses under control. Then you will be truly grown up. Good luck, teen-ager!



*My boyfriend and I both are 16. We have gone steady for eight months. We love each other and have petted a lot. My parents heard about it and told me I could not see the boy again; so I met him secretly. Recently my father found us together in a car. I'm ashamed to say that we were doing things we should not do.*



*I have a terrible fear of audiences. I have no trouble talking with friends; but when I stand before a class, I fall apart. My mind goes blank; my hands tremble; my stomach flops. My voice cracks, and I break out in a cold sweat. The people in front of me squirm because they can see how much I'm suffering. Can you help me? —L.V.* See a teacher of public speaking at your school and explain how you feel. He has worked with others with the same problem. If possible, enroll in his class. Start by giving very brief, one-minute talks. Then work up to two or three-minute presentations. If you succeed in the first semester, enroll for advanced public speaking. However, if you do not succeed, you should stop trying and turn to other activities—writing, for example, or art, or music. Do not make yourself fail too often. We do not all have to be public speakers.



*I'm 16. My physical development came early. I have been dating boys since I was 12. My parents do not know it, but I pet heavily. I enjoy it. However, I am afraid I will lose control. I don't want to have a baby. My gym teacher told me what I do is*

"You can relax. . . . There's not a thing in the entire book of Leviticus against wearing contact lenses!"



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1963 by Warner Press, Inc.



normal. She says I have a healthy sexual drive. Does this mean petting is okay and that I need not worry? —E.H. No, it does not. Normal humans are born with strong reproductive urges. However, your urges must be controlled. What you are doing is wrong. The way to protect yourself is to stop petting. You can still have fun and date boys. But do not let either necking or petting get started.



Why are some kids so rude? I'm a boy of 15. I have a good voice and have taken singing lessons. At the last MYF meeting, I led the songs. Most of the kids co-operated, but a few laughed and talked. After the meeting, I asked them why. They just laughed some more. Did I do something wrong?—G.A. I'm sure you did nothing wrong. In every group of teen-agers there are some clowns. Next time pick hymns with a real lilt. Have the accompanist play rather loud and fairly fast. Probably you can get the whole group singing, including the clowns.



Dr. Barbour, we teen-agers accept most of your advice. The one thing we cannot understand is why you say teen-agers should not neck or pet. I'm 15; my boyfriend is 17. We're in love. We pet, just as all the kids do. Are you afraid we'll lose our self-control? Are the feelings we have when petting similar to the feelings married couples have when they start to make love? Please be honest with us in your answer.—S.H. I always try to be honest. The answer to your last question is "yes." There is a chain of physical reactions which often lead young people into serious trouble. When you neck and pet, you are likely to lose self-control. I've tried to help many teen-age girls pick up the pieces of their lives after they have petted, lost control, and become mothers. A boy and girl can enjoy a delightful time without petting. Every girl should refuse to pet; then the perilous chain reaction will not start.



I live in a small town. My best friend in grammar school was a girl whose folks always are in trouble. We both are 17 now. Her father is in prison; her mother just got out of a

## They Heard the Chimes

A FRIEND sent me a newspaper picture of three teen-age boys cited for bravery in rescuing families from a flood. Their faces meant nothing to me until I read the names. Then, out of the past, they leaped at me: they were once the problem pupils in my third-grade class!

There was Edgar, the little toughie who continually wandered from his desk to gaze out the window. He was one of a family of 12 living in a two-room house.

Next was Bobby, a lover of books, but hesitant and awkward on the playground.

The third was Harmon—undersized, frightened, futile. Friendless and hungry for approval, he hopped from one child to another, picking at them, annoying, hurting.

As Christmas approached that year my class decided to dramatize the old story, *Why the Chimes Rang*. Angel-faced Mary, the class favorite, was chosen to play the woman found in the snow. Bobby was selected for Elder Brother, although I feared that in his gawkiness he might topple the scenery. My uneasiness increased when our rebel, Edgar, was selected King. He was capable of causing disorder, yet his pompous strut was our best characterization of royalty.

Harmon, passed over in the nominations, volunteered to be Little Brother. My heart went out to him, for I hated to see him fail again.

The problem in the first act was to set the scene and introduce the characters while keeping the dialogue interesting. To my amazement, Harmon made it clear that he was the younger brother. His questions led Older Brother to explain the story of the silent chimes. Each line he spoke moved the action forward. The older children, not bothering to hide their surprise, acclaimed Harmon as the star.

While the class offered suggestions, the actors rehearsed daily. Bobby's speech became more

fluent. Edgar and Harmon, given their daily dose of limelight, felt less need of it in study periods.

Came the day of presentation. I stood against the wall, clenching my damp fists and straining forward with inward urging. But if the children shared my anxiety, they did not show it.

In their own words, Bobby and Harmon explained their desire to visit the great church and their regret at the smallness of their gift. In the next scene, Mary lay on the bare floor and, by her shivering, turned it to snow. The two brothers rescued her and then Older Brother insisted that Little Brother take his gift to the church while he remained with the sick woman.

There was a little confusion as the scene was shifted to represent an altar, pews, and a throne. Joe, another actor, hid behind the altar. Then the rest took their places and the room became a cathedral. When the priest called for gifts, a man placed sacks of money on the altar and stepped back, waiting for the chimes that did not ring. A woman offered her jewels, but there were no chimes. At last the King moved forward and, with an imperial flourish, laid down his crown. The bells remained silent.

For a few seconds there was a hushed pause. Little Brother crept forward and apologetically added his small coin to the riches on the altar. From behind the desk rose Joe's voice, "Dong—dong—dong!"

Did anyone else's eyes fill with tears as mine did? Through the blur I saw Harmon turn to the audience and explain, "They rang because he gave all that he had, and he gave it from his heart."

Again, I looked at the news picture and the faces of the three boys. I thought to myself, "Maybe we don't always know why the chimes rang—but sometimes it's possible to tell which hearts have heard the music."

—ANN REED WASHINGTON





# Your Faith and Your Church

**Shall we ever outgrow the church?** Perhaps—but only when the worship of God spreads throughout the community and everybody worships in everything he does.

"All life is created to be worshipful," says Elmer G. Homrighausen in *I Believe in the Church*. "When God's plan for the world becomes complete, it will bring with it the fulfillment of church worship in a new world where there will be no church, for all life will have become reverent."

Then, and then only, can we get along without the church.

**When Christ ascended, did he go 'up'?** Surely, it is not to be imagined that he rose into heaven like some kind of bird or birdman. Actually, heaven is as truly at the nadir as at the zenith. But when we realize that the "right hand of God," as the creed puts it, is a spiritual rather than a physical place, we are coming close to the truth.

Karl Barth tells us that God's right hand means the true and real government of God. In the Ascension, whatever its physical characteristics, Jesus changed his place. He moved from the bottom up, not from the ground to the clouds. He changed a human place for a divine place.

When we have a hard time understanding, it is because we are too physical, not spiritual enough.

**Is America guarded by God's grace?** Nations, just as individual persons and communities of people, are guarded by God's grace. He showers his love, unsought and undeserved, upon nations of people, even including the Chinese and the Russians. He is not stopped by the maneuvering of self-seeking politicians or the laziness of indifferent voters. He is not frustrated when nations follow national policies that thwart his will; he keeps on loving them and seeks to win them back.

Surely, this does not mean that God fails to make his wishes known or fails to get through with his criticism. The books of the prophets are full of barbed criticisms, and we can be sure that the prophets, allowing for human failings, have expressed God's thoughts.

The Jewish people have shown by their history what happens when nations of people fail to measure up to God's expectations.

What will the history of America show?

**What is the Methodist 'itinerancy'?** The word suggests moving about; and for Methodists it stands for the plan by which the church moves its ministers from church to church, so that every preacher has a church and every church has a preacher. (See Par. 821 in the *Discipline*.)

"The questions make me wish I could meet the questioners face to face," reports Bishop Nall, episcopal leader of Methodism's Minnesota Area. The bishop, who began answering questions while editor of the *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*, explains: "I like people who ask questions."

mental hospital. Her brother was arrested for doing something terrible to a little girl. Her grandmother recently committed suicide. Her grandfather is the meanest man I've ever known. Why do all these misfortunes come to one girl? Is God against her?—M.J. I'm sure God is not against her. People are born with different abilities to withstand emotional strain. Probably your friend's family has little emotional strength. The experiences which we have in life have much to do with our welfare. Probably your friend's parents and grandparents have had many unfortunate experiences. I have known families like hers. Usually there is one strong, capable person in them. I hope that your friend is the capable one in her family. Be sure she knows that you still consider her your friend despite all her misfortunes. She needs the support of you and her other friends.

Q

*I'm a boy of 17. My father gave me a car and makes me take my brother and sister to school in it. They get the rugs and seats dirty. It is my car. Don't I have the right to say who rides in it?—J.J.* If you had used your own money to buy the car, your argument would be stronger. Even so, you should not be selfish. Do not dispute this point with your father. Instead, concentrate on getting your parents to teach your brother and sister to be careful. No one should get the car dirty. Once all of you begin to consider the rights and feelings of others in this situation, your problem soon will be solved.

Q

*My father is principal of the high school which I'm scheduled to enter next year. I think it would be better for me to go to some other school. Don't you?—F.L.* Is there an equally good high school available? Could you get permission to attend it? If so, it might be wise to go there. You will be under less strain at another school—and so will your father.

•

Mixed up? Puzzled? Then turn to Dr. Barbour for help. He'll be



glad to answer questions and suggest ways to help you. Write him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Names remain confidential.—Eds.





# Letters

## 'Penetrating Assessment'

W. EUGENE NOTZ, M.D.  
Penfield, N.Y.

I agree with Dr. Eugene L. Smith's penetrating assessment of the crucial issues of our times. [See *The 30th Parallel*, June, page 14.]

It is heartening to know our world mission work is spirited by progressive thinking. I am impressed that these opinions are forged from the evidence of history.

Senator J. W. Fulbright has spoken on the same general subject in a greatly expanded manner. Those interested in delving further into the issues of changing international relationships should read the senator's speech, *Old Myths and New Realities*.

## She Wants Better Answers

MRS. H. R. GARTRELL  
Portland, Oreg.

The answers given by David R. Mace in *Engaged to Be Married* [June, page 28], for the most part, are fine, but not on No. 5 about testing of sex by engaged couples. I call it weak, weak, weak!

If people like Dr. Mace do not take a firm stand against premarital sex, what can we expect our young people to do? He mentions "the embarrassment of being found out." Embarrassment indeed! And "unwanted pregnancy"—they're not afraid of that these days.

Please, can't someone come up with better answers to this question?

## 'False Impression'

H. STEWART AUSTIN, Pastor  
Wesley Methodist Church  
Coral Gables, Fla.

May I thank you for *Work Among the Migrants* [June, page 54], and at the same time call attention to a serious false impression?

As a past-president of the Florida Christian Migrant Ministry, I appreciate the recognition you gave to the work being done through the Texas Migrant Ministry. We can all be proud of the work conducted across the country under leadership of the National Council of Churches. [See *Anti-poverty Target: Our Needy Migrants*, page 3.]

I am concerned, however, by the

statement of your article that "a family can earn \$150 a week." I am not acquainted with wages paid onion workers in Texas. But from facts on the average annual income of migrants over the country, I know that your statement gives a totally false impression. If one family (and it must be a large one!) might earn \$150 a week, I am sure this is rare. The fact that growers typically oppose all efforts to establish even the barest minimum wage for migrant workers would indicate that the wages are low. In truth, the rate at which these our brothers work is a disgrace to American life.

## Orchids for 'Mandate'

JAMES D. SANKO, Pastor  
Riverside United Presbyterian Church  
Wellsville, Ohio

Orchids to TOGETHER and to Robert L. Gildea for *A Mandate to Meddle* [May, page 27]. Keep up the fine work, and may God bless you all richly in your ministry of the printed word.

## On Airing Grievances

MRS. H. E. MOCK, JR.  
Franklin, Ind.

In *A Mandate to Meddle* Robert L. Gildea says, "Most persons who find fault with Methodist pronouncements air their grievances openly and focus on central issues." So that's what I'm doing.

First I'll focus on his statement concerning "a failure to distinguish between democratic socialism . . . and communism. . . ." They are quite readily distinguishable, but many people remember that the Communists believe socialism is the intermediate step between capitalism and communism—so that rights of the people may be taken away gradually, subtly, the way we are losing our rights in the United States now. And this seems to be all right with The Methodist Church.

The Methodist Study Commission on Church and State Relations [see *Separation of Church and State: What Does It Mean to Methodists?* May, page 3] defines religious liberty as "the freedom of persons to accept or reject God and his demands." If we prefer not to expose unwilling people to our belief in God, why all the tub-thumping for

money for missions? If all we are going to offer unbelievers is food, clothing, medicine, technology, and the three Rs, we might as well let the Peace Corps take over and save our money to pay taxes.

Methodist leaders have come out vehemently for the new civil rights bill, and I wonder if they realize its full implications. The right to vote, to have an education, to work, to due process of law—these are all civil rights and should be guaranteed. But choosing neighbors, employees, membership in social organizations—these do not come under "civil" rights. Until all men can be cast in a mold which will turn them out with equal intelligence, interests, manners, and personalities, you cannot legislate all members of even one race into the same social pattern.

My father was a Methodist minister, so I am well acquainted with what The Methodist Church once stood for. Now I am confused.

## An Answer on Dancing

J. C. McDANIEL, Retired Minister  
Farmington, Mo.

In her letter in your June issue, Miss Wendy Lu Hackler [see *Dancing: In Church or Home?* page 68] says she finds nothing in the Methodist Discipline about dancing, pro or con. In former years such rules forbidding "improper tempers, words, or actions" did exist. Now, I believe, the words "Do all that you do to the glory of God" can be well applied.

I am 79, and my observation on dancing all my life has not changed. I have seen no good come from dancing in the home or any other place, much less in the church, even in the basement or a recreation room. Church buildings are dedicated for divine worship!

## Despite Ruffled Feathers

MRS. GORDON Q. OLSSON  
Rapid City, S.Dak.

When I read in the June issue the great uproar that your March cover had created, I was sorry I had not expressed myself. [See *Cover Called 'Horrible'* and other letters, June, page 69.] I think *Fabric of Human Involvement* is an outstanding expression of man's interdependence, and you are to be congratulated on your selection of it.

When, oh when, will we Western Christians understand that our message of Good News has to be put into new forms that speak to the man of today?

Much that I see in TOGETHER ruffles my feathers, too. That's why I like it. I'm sure you are awaiting reader reactions to the new feature, *Viewpoint*. [See *A Worm's-Eye View of Stewardship*, June, page 13.] Mr. Sax has suggested what many another serious Christian has wondered: whether God



may be moving at present more strongly outside the church than within it. I agree with him that we must stop thinking of the church as an institution on the corner. Either it will have to find a new functional form or wither on the vine. The church is people committed to Christ.

The possibilities of new functional forms that you presented in the May issue under three divisions of *What's Ahead for Methodism?* [page 15] were of deep interest to me. For several years now, I've been hearing how the church must find new ways to speak to the technological age. There have been almost no answers. I would like to see you start a regular new feature describing new methods of Christian witness. Show us a district deploying its

"mobile laity." Particularly we need to see how effective witnessing to youth is being accomplished. Surely it is being accomplished somewhere! Perhaps this feature could replace *Unusual Methodists* which I think has outlived its usefulness.

Keep up your good work of giving us new things to think about that will jolt us out of complacency.

### Rural Churches Not Dying

MRS. ROBERT GAULT

La Porte, Ind.

It would seem from Professor Earl D. C. Brewer's article in the May issue of *TOGETHER* that he is not familiar with small, rural Methodist churches. [See *What's Ahead for Methodism* . . . In

*Town & Country?* page 18.] He seems to equate size with spiritual vigor.

As I think of the half dozen or so small rural Methodist churches in our area, their vigor and impact on the community compares very favorably with the larger city churches. These churches are not dying; they are very much alive, and the people in them intend to keep them that way.

One church has an active and witnessing MYF group as large or larger than a nearby city church five or six times larger. What Professor Brewer apparently does not realize is that churches are made up of people—not statistics—and that a dedicated congregation of 200 or 300, or even less, can accomplish great things.

As to a ministerial salary of \$5,000

## Reader's-Eye Views of 'Worm's-Eye View'

### 'Cheap Substitute'? No!

PAUL E. HOLLISTER

Douglas, Ariz.

I am puzzled by the belligerent tone of F. Donald Sax's comments on stewardship in *TOGETHER's* June *Viewpoint*. Especially so, since for 35 years I have lived in the same state as Mr. Sax and have been under the same conference programs and emphases.

There is much that is fine in what Mr. Sax writes. Yes, the church is "a place of instruction, of sharing, of participation in the fellowship." And the giving of our time, talent, and money to the church makes it possible for us to have such a place. It is also true, as he suggests, that it is in secular society that most of us expend ourselves and live out our commitment, at least the major portion of the week. But to say that a person must "get out of the church" to make his influence and witness effective seems a most unfortunate way of expressing things. Surely, for a dedicated Christian, life is a combination of the two, not a case of either-or.

Anyone who participated in the study groups on *Our Mission Today* will agree that in a world that is changing as rapidly as ours there must be a good deal of reevaluation and rethinking of the life and work of the church. However, no "real, dynamic, gut-shaking concept of the church's role in the world today" can come overnight in perfect form from any study program or in any conference emphasis. Many problems can be seen, but the answers may not come quickly. "Now we see through a glass, darkly," may well be true in every age.

Mr. Sax's comments on tithing should not go unchallenged. Referring to it as "this cheap substitute for commitment" is one of the most amazing state-

ments I have ever read. Tithers as a group certainly do not believe that the act of tithing exempts them from other kinds of commitment. No group surpasses them in dedication both to the church and to witnessing in the community.

Tithing is a viewpoint toward life that colors most others, and few who practice it ever abandon it. It also influences one's use of the remaining nine tenths, sometimes even absorbing a slice of it.

We are at present in a stewardship crusade in our local church, hoping for a new youth building. We are being helped by a minister from our conference finance and field services. His guidance is as far from compulsion and brainwashing as the North Pole is from the South. The stress is commitment, yes, but to Christ—a dedication that will affect not only the church but also the witness of the members in secular society. And please let it be commitment to Jesus Christ! If we "look the world in the eye" and talk about "that great reconciling Event" and "the One who is," I feel sure the world will call it theological mumbo jumbo and turn away. Christ's teaching was in simple language.

Love is the great redeeming force at our command, but another great redeeming force is money. Tithing is love in action!

### 'Refreshing and Inspiring'

MRS. JOHN SIMON

Tampa, Fla.

F. Donald Sax's *A Worm's-Eye View of Stewardship* is one of the most refreshing and inspiring articles concerning the church that I have read in a long time. He has laid hold of the crux of the matter: 100 percent commitment and the church operating not for its

own existence but within and for secular society through its members' daily lives. If *Viewpoint* can continue to be this creative and invigorating, you have indeed launched a wonderful new feature.

### 'Weightier Matters' Neglected?

MRS. J. B. GATES

Norman, Okla.

Thanks for printing *A Worm's-Eye View of Stewardship* by F. Donald Sax. It is the most honest article on stewardship that I have seen in a denominational magazine for years.

The 23rd chapter of Matthew helps to keep our values straight if we are ready to learn the lesson of Christian concern. Verse 23 includes these lines: "Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for you tithe mint and dill and cummin, and have neglected the weightier matters of the law, justice and mercy and faith . . ."

The Sax article should be read by all persons who can bear the challenge to grow up.

### A Place to Express Views

SON FESLER

Maplewood, Mo.

It is indeed heartening to find a Methodist publication with sufficient honesty and courage to print the article by F. Donald Sax, *A Worm's-Eye View of Stewardship*. This article, as well as the letters regarding the so-called "art" on your March cover, indicate that a few Methodists are still alert enough to study things through for themselves, and strong enough to resist brainwashing by the modern gnostics who at times seem to be taking over our churches.

Our big problem, even in our "democratic" Methodist Church, has been finding a place where we can express our views. Thank you for giving us this opportunity.



with parsonage furnished, it hardly seems a starvation wage since living costs often are lower in a rural area. Many parishioners have income no larger, yet we think we have a fair share of life's good things.

Professor Brewer's plan to group rural churches with a nearby larger city church as a parish will meet with much resistance. Certainly there are pockets of poverty in our nation, and churches in these areas are often forced to close, but let's help these churches and leave our thriving rural churches alone.

I am thankful The Methodist Church has not shared the trend to consolidation. Surely we should have learned by this time that bigness does not necessarily mean greatness.

### 'Positive Steps' Proposed

MRS. DEAN REESE  
White Cloud, Kans.

I read with great interest the article *What's Ahead for Methodism . . . In Town & Country?* for I am a lay member caught in "the religious poverty of rural America." I had been told by a church leader recently that he was more concerned with a 400-member church than he was with a 200-member church.

The six concepts outlined by Professor Brewer's article are positive steps toward steering the church leadership to existing problems. Rural laymen need to look at their problem with the realistic view that change and/or consolidation is inevitable. District superintendents and pastors must assume the responsibilities of leadership necessary to bring about the needed changes.

Methodism should take a stern look at its grass roots before it encourages another denomination (the Evangelical United Brethren) to join its ranks. It would be an injustice if we merely swallowed them up without offering solutions to their problems as small congregations. We need first to find active solutions to solve the problem of our own small congregations!

### 'You Missed the Boat'

W. C. SIMMER, Pastor  
Wayne, Nebr.

*A Pastor Moves* [June, page 17] left a great deal to be desired. The flip way in which this subject was presented does not represent the true heartache felt by the minister and his family at such times.

Even when the move is considered as taking on a greater challenge, moving comes hard. Parting from persons with whom you have shared grief, or to whom you have ministered in moments of anxiety, is not easy.

I am sure even young people find it difficult to adjust to the moving demands of the Methodist ministry. Few

would be so untouched that they would fall asleep—unless it was merely a way of covering their real feelings.

No, I think you missed the boat this time. There is a real story about how pastors feel over moving, but you haven't discovered it in this article. There is pathos, heartache, and at the same time excitement over the new assignment. An article which reveals all of this would be a great aid to congregations across America to sense what their pastors go through when they and their families receive new appointments.

### Truth Unrecognized?

RICHARD M. HILTNER  
Salem, W.Va.

Reading the letters in the June issue, I was surprised to find people who had not looked into the meaning of your March cover. It seems some readers prefer a "pretty" cover that would require no thought on their part. Or maybe they see themselves as a weak link in our society and are afraid to recognize the truth.

I see the cover as a structure of our society. Some people are bearing their share of the load; others are resting (or lazy) and letting someone else carry the responsibility. Some are trying to break it up, and others are not willing to face it.

### She Was Disgusted

NANCY BINGHAM, (Age 15)  
Thornton, Ill.

After reading the responses created by the March cover, I was quite disgusted. This is the most inspiring cover I have seen in a long time. My interpretation: everyone must help carry the load. If one person does not do his job, another is forced to carry a double burden. I thought this could represent the church.

### 'They Did Not Stop to Think'

BETSY FISHER  
High-School Student  
Nashville, Tenn.

The letters criticizing *TOGETHER's* March cover seemed to come from people who had not stopped to think about the underlying facts of the sculpture.

I thought the theme was rather interesting—showing the weak links of the human race and the relationship of one person to another. Obviously these people have no knowledge of art or any interest in humanity.

### 'Let Them Reject It'

R. E. BANKS, M.D.  
Paola, Kans.

The letters objecting to the March cover were very interesting. Is it possible that many are so afraid to face this

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involvement with other people that they have to avoid trying to understand the cover in order to remain comfortable? The simplest solution for them is to reject the cover, thus avoiding a painful experience.

Congratulations for selecting this cover. Let us continue to stimulate thought rather than furnish soporific compromises for our defense mechanisms.

### 'A Wonderful Choice'

CLYDE VAUGHN, JR., *Student  
So. Calif. School of Theology  
Claremont, Calif.*

Thanks to whoever selected the March cover. It is a wonderful choice. This cover carries enough message that even if one does not look inside the magazine, he can be enriched.

If people do not understand the, to me, obvious message, maybe a word explaining the artist's intent might be appropriate. Let me encourage you to continue this high quality of art work!

### An Inspirational Display

MRS. LELAND VAN AUKEN  
*Buffalo, Wyo.*

I was amazed by the controversy over your March cover as I had kept it on display as an inspiration and example of what I felt human life to be.

When my husband died early in May, I turned to this cover again as a symbolic picture of the gratitude I felt for the amazing support I received from neighbors, friends, relatives, and others whom we had known only casually.

One link has been removed from the chain, but it seems to weld the remainder into a tighter bond and closer kinship with God.

Thank you for a piece of work which has been a blessing to me.

### A Vote for 'Conservative' Art

ESTELL R. CASEBIER, *Pastor  
Marcus Lindsey Methodist Church  
Louisville, Ky.*

I would like to cast my vote, along with the others, against your March cover, *Fabric of Human Involvement*. I would like to suggest that you try some conservative religious art on your covers. I have the feeling many more of your readers would favor them than you apparently think!

The June cover is better, but I think you would have been wiser in showing a group of young people on a hike through one of our Methodist summer camps. Or you might have featured a Christian young couple being married at the altar of one of our Methodist churches by a Methodist preacher. June is traditionally brides' month.

I wish TOGETHER would follow the Christian Year more closely. For example, the March issue should have

had an appropriate Easter picture on the front. Also, I wish you would print more articles to instruct Methodist people about our faith, our church's program, and so forth. This would help us pastors a lot.

### Readers' Views: Absurd

CHRIS HARRIS  
*Lubbock, Texas*

I find the opinions of those readers who criticized the March cover absurd. I think this cover one of your best. It shows the part that each human being plays in God's world. It shows how those who work hard and trust in God to lead them do better and do their share of the work. It also shows where those who do not try leave a sagging part in the structure.

I also thought what one letter writer called those "weak, sentimentalized watercolors" used to illustrate *The Beatitudes* [March, page 35] were wonderful. Associated with today's world, the pictures could not have interpreted the meaning behind them in a better way.

### Answer in the Bible?

MRS. S. A. TAYLOR  
*Bluefield, Va.*

To the letter writer who asked, "What did Jesus do 2,000 years ago?" [see *They Oppose Compromise*, May, page 67], anyone who has read the Bible can plainly see that Jesus not only drank wine but made it.

The article in June, *Wives, Be Subject to Your Husbands* [page 26], is excellent. I agree 100 percent with it, and I have been married 36½ years.

Reader reaction to our invitation to wives to comment on *Wives, Be Subject to Your Husbands* will be summarized in an article to appear in September's TOGETHER. The views of wives—and husbands—make interesting and provocative reading.—EDS.

### Dr. Smith Speaks Yet!

MRS. M. W. McGLADREY  
*Moses Lake, Wash.*

The late Dr. Roy L. Smith's last *Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency* [Pretty Names for Ugly Sins, May, page 13] should be read and reread by Methodists, especially our modern, sophisticated brethren. This is well illustrated as one reads on in the same issue. Dr. Barbour's standard advice to teen-agers is "ask your parents to compare their rules with those of your friends." A letter-writer says we must catch up with the majority in our attitude toward alcohol, and another says we should take a poll to find out how many church leaders disregard their oath, with a view to changing the oath.

Are Christian standards based on sociological norms? I don't recall Christ



saying, "Look around to see what your neighbors are doing and go thou and do likewise."

Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, and Micah all preached their hearts out trying to bring their people back to an ethical standard. But "everybody was doing it" and all kept on doing it to their destruction.

There is indeed "a dire need for this generation to face the facts concerning itself." Bless the spirit of Dr. Smith who speaks to us yet!

## 'Relationships, Not Careers'

REBECCA RUMERY  
Knoxville, Tenn.

For some years, I have been reading Dr. Barbour's column *Teens Together* and have generally found his answers perceptive and sensible.

I must disagree vehemently, however, with his reply to the girl who hates "the thought of being a housewife and mother." [See *Teens Together*, May page 54.] Dr. Barbour tells her that "marriage and motherhood are the greatest careers of all."

I disagree. Being a wife and mother are relationships, not careers. No one speaks of a man making a full-time career of being a husband and father. It is quite possible for a woman to work outside a home for all or part of her adult life, with or without a family.

Miss Rumery is a junior in child development and family relationship at the University of Tennessee.—Eds.

## Thanks for UN Articles

THE NAOMI CIRCLE  
Maynard Methodist Church  
Maynard, Iowa

Thank you for the articles you have published about the United Nations in *TOGETHER*. We hope that in the future you will again express support of the UN, its principles, and its purposes.

## Shocked by Commission Stand

MRS. WESTON A. FARROW  
Georgetown, Del.

I was shocked when I read *TOGETHER*'s report to learn the stand taken by the Study Commission on Church and State Relations in regard to the Supreme Court's ruling on Bible-reading and prayer in public schools [See *Separation of Church & State*, May, page 3.]

How deeply ingrained within our national fiber is the necessity of prayer was never better illustrated than at the death of President Kennedy. Instinctively and spontaneously in offices, homes, and public schools we Americans prayed.

The study commission urges Methodists to refrain from efforts which would contravene the court rulings, but it thinks public schools should teach about religious ideals, values, and institutions in such specific subjects as

literature, social studies, and fine arts. What about children too young for these subjects? Isn't it most important for children during their formative years to hear God's word and learn to respect it? Teachers who might be prejudiced to religious teaching could easily confuse the student and therefore do more harm than good.

In such critical times the churches should be giving their people a true sense of direction instead of spreading confusion. Why not let all Methodists vote on the study commission's recommendation?

Action of the 1964 General Conference in Pittsburgh referred the church-state report to the Board of Christian Social Concerns for further study. [See Church-State Questions to Be Given More Study, July, page 13.]—Eds.

## CAMERA CLIQUE

When High Up, Stop Down! Light intensity varies inversely to the square of the distance. This is a principle learned in physics. For instance: when you're getting a tan under a sun lamp, you get four times as much light two feet away as at four feet. In photography, we use this principle in figuring the lens opening from the guide number for flash exposures. Applying the same principle to the sun was the problem our cameraman faced when he photographed the Millbrae MYFers exploring the gold-rush town of Bodie, Calif. [see *Gold-Rush Ghost Town*, cover and page 76].

High on the eastern slope of the Sierras, at an elevation of 8,374 feet, the sun's intensity was so much greater than at sea level that the lens had to be closed down one stop. The intense light coupled with the absence of haze caused such wide contrasts between highlights and shadows that shaded eyes became hollow black sockets. The remedy could have been flash fill-in and/or a less contrasty film—but both were back in Park Ridge, Ill. Instead our man-with-a-camera overexposed about a quarter to a half stop and let the film's latitude take care of the rest. Luckily most of the MYFers had deep sun tans, eliminating the photographic problem of chalk-white faces.

This is something you amateurs who work without a light meter should remember. The normal settings you use on your home grounds will not work in high places such as Denver, Mexico City. So if you persist in using guesswork in the higher altitudes, when you stop to catch your breath, stop down!

Here are photo credits for this issue:

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Is thy heart right, as  
my heart is with thine?  
Dost thou love and serve  
God? It is enough, I give  
thee the right hand  
of fellowship.

—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

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# After-Hour Greetings

In many parts of the country . . . along about now . . . the sweltering sun of midsummer is bringing about that breathless suspension, that general halt in the pace of things known as "dog days." The air conditioners work overtime, nights are hot, the old swimming hole begins to dry up, the grass withers, and



Pastor and son: Some years and a pulpit later, Mr. Keysor is back in our pages.

dust-devils dance along country roads. The newspapers report sea monsters and flying saucers—which somehow always vanish again with the first cool winds of autumn. That's why we thought you would enjoy looking at some invigorating pictures of rushing water and blue-green lakes reflecting the north woods, so *Where the White Water Runs* is this month's color pictorial [page 35]. There's a lot more to this, however, than pretty scenery, as you will discover.

The photographer is an old friend and former staffer,

**Charles W. Keysor**, one of the first to work for TOGETHER (in fact, he became managing editor 10 months before the first issue appeared in October, 1956). He now is serving as pastor of Grace Methodist Church, Elgin, Ill., while completing his work toward a divinity degree at Garrett Theological Seminary, Evanston, Ill.

Other old friends and former staffers are on hand in this issue, too. To make it clear, we should remind you that the old *Christian Advocate* became two publications in 1956, and one of these is TOGETHER. The other, *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*, is for ministers. **Bruce Williams**, author of *California's Microphone Ministry* [page 25] became TOGETHER's news editor in 1956, succeeding **Edwin H. Maynard**, author of *Methodist Missions in Muslim Lands* [page 42]. Mr. Williams now is handling Methodist Information for the Los Angeles Area, and Mr. Maynard is editor of *The Methodist Story*.

To complete the coincidence of old friends and former staffers turning up in one issue of a magazine, we should mention **Newman S. Cryer, Jr.**, who wrote *Why John Wesley Never Got Tired* [page 40]. Formerly editor of *The Pastor* and former managing editor of *CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE*, Mr. Cryer recently became associate editor of TOGETHER after several years as editor of *The Methodist Layman*.

**Robert Gardner**, juvenile court judge of Santa Ana, Calif. [see *Let's Leave the Kids Alone!* page 32], first became a city court judge in 1938 at the tender age of 27. At that time he was said to be the youngest judge in the United States, and he was the youngest Superior Court judge in California when he was assigned to juvenile court in 1948.

"There was a considerable period of time during which I had to accent the word 'court' in my title," Judge Gardner tells us. "Otherwise, because of my somewhat tender years, it became a standing gag that I was the 'juvenile' judge in the sense that I was young for this position. However, the passage of time has cured this. I now can be referred to as 'the juvenile judge' without a resulting scream of hysterical merriment from the audience."

—YOUR EDITORS

## TOGETHER—the midmonth magazine for Methodist families.

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## Announcing a New Photo Invitational:

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—Ecclesiastes 3:22

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For TOGETHER's ninth annual Photo Invitational, we invite you to focus your lens and your imagination on one, or on several of the multitude of tasks humans have assigned themselves. We hardly need to point out that subjects are everywhere. There are people in the fields this summer; there are men on high girders, and in the bowels of the earth. There are men who saw, bend over bricks and stone, hoist great weights, ride the plains, and lift nets from the sea. There are women working at typewriters, on industrial assembly lines, at stoves and sinks, mending, weaving, baking, designing. These are only a few of the ideas that suggest themselves.

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*The granite shaft was meant to honor Bill Bodey; but, as it was being finished, President Garfield died, so the townspeople had his name carved on it.*

# GOLD-RUSH GHOST TOWN

*Visiting MYFers from Millbrae, Calif., disperse to explore stores and homes of Bodie's main street, once the hub of a thriving community.*



## A once-rowdy mining camp makes a comeback as a California state park

NOW ONLY THE curious go to Bodie, high in the California sierras—but once it was filled with prospectors, gamblers, dance-hall girls, speculators, and thousands of ordinary but unchurched townspeople.

Born in violence as a gold-rush settlement, the town settled down and later died as the lode gave out. Today it is being reborn as a California state historic park—so new that the buildings are not yet open because they have not been cleaned and shored up. The first restoration project will be the weather-beaten Methodist church, a landmark that never rivaled the popularity of the saloons and gambling halls in the prosperous days when Bodie boasted 10,000 residents.

Soon after he discovered the promising gold country in 1859, the prospector for whom it was named (misspelled), William S. Bodey, fell exhausted during a blizzard and died not far from the safety of the cabin he could not find in the swirling snow.

It was many prospectors and years later—in the mid 1870s—before the gold rush was on and an estimated \$100 million began to flow from the ground. Murder became common, and the men in charge of justice seemed to favor the lawbreakers. When the town reached its peak in 1879, nearly half of the buildings on the mile-long main street were saloons and gambling halls.

Infuriated townspeople finally formed a vigilante committee, which promptly lynched a murderer and scared away a deputy sheriff and a crooked lawyer.

Bodie is tucked among the mountains northeast of Yosemite National Park, close to Nevada, where winters are fierce and the country is so high and inhospitable that trees will not grow. Rangers are stationed there, and the park is open all year, but prospective visitors are warned to check weather reports carefully. The road into the townsite is not paved, and when the snows come it is impassable. When the park is fully developed, the town will remain basically the same—but with exhibits, a picnic area, and a campsite.

There were only two churches in the town's history—both built in the late 1870s. The Roman Catholic church burned in 1928; the Methodist church still stands, but in disarrayed dignity—vandals ripped even "Thou Shalt Not Steal" from the altar.

Methodist membership seldom reached 50. One bright spot was the Sunday school, which enrolled as many as 150 during its few most active years. But by 1894, Mission Superintendent E. W. Van Deventer wrote of the church, "It was reported dead years ago, but it is still alive and doing fairly well." There were 14 members. By 1909, he admitted: "Tuscarora, Bodie, Eureka, and Ruby Hill are too weak to sustain work." The membership at Bodie had shrunk to four.

Today, however, the little church towers over the reborn town, symbolizing the better way of life many ignored in the roaring gold-rush days of old.



*Park Ranger Norman Cleaver escorts the MYFers from Millbrae through the mill where Standard mine's ore—millions of dollars' worth—was turned into bullion. This mill was built after the first one burned in 1899.*



*The Methodist church, seared by time and vandals, is once again the site of a worship service as the MYFers pause for a period of prayer and meditation.*





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# Send This Coupon for BEAUTIFUL, EVERLASTING RAMBLER ROSE PLANT FREE

## to help you make EXTRA MONEY

Yes, this big, colorful Everlasting Rambler Rose Plant that's all the rage is yours FREE with the coupon above. This is how we introduce our idea-packed kit for making extra money in spare time. We'll send kit along, postpaid, for you to examine on approval. It will explain the amazingly easy way many folks earn good money and make new friends by showing the newest of the new in Christmas and All-Occasion Greeting Cards and Gifts to people they know. You can save them money, too. No experience is needed.

### How Creative Makes Money For You

We'll explain how Creative makes money for you or for your organization *more easily, more quickly, more dependably*. Our Deluxe Special Assortment of 21 fine Christmas Cards pays you 75c profit on each easy \$1.25 sale. That's as much as 35c more per box than most others pay! Now, imagine how fast and profitably the Everlasting Rambler Rose Plant sells at *only \$1.25!* Free Album of 50 Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards at \$1.50 to \$3.95 is good for sizeable profits by itself. Our big selection of 230 new, fast-selling items at low wholesale prices will boost your earnings and please more customers. Many individuals and groups make \$50 to \$500 each fall besides Extra Bonuses.

### Just Send Your Name on Coupon Above

If you act now, the Everlasting Rambler Rose Plant is yours FREE, even if you choose to return the rest of the kit. Chances are, you'll be thrilled with the extra income that's yours without hardly trying. You risk nothing. Send no money. Just mail the above coupon.

## CREATIVE CARD COMPANY

4401 West Cermak Road, Dept. 151-H Chicago, Ill. 60623



## Exciting, New Decorator's Idea!

Life-like Rambler Rose Plant stands 15 inches high. Lovely "poly" display of 11 roses and rosebuds and 32 leaves in gold-banded plastic bucket. All the rage for home decor. Get yours Free with coupon.

Idea-Packed Kit of  
Newest Christmas Card  
and Gift Money-Makers  
Sent on Approval



## They Say It's Easy!

"Creative Cards give me an 'out' from family routines. My first sale was for \$50."  
Mrs. A. R.

"It was a joy. I made many new friends and earned nearly \$200 for my church."  
Mrs. M. T. G.

### ORGANIZATIONS:

All your members will like our liberal plan. For full details, send above coupon.

FREE Album of  
50 Christmas Cards  
with Sender's Name Imprinted  
at \$1.50 to \$3.95 included.























